

















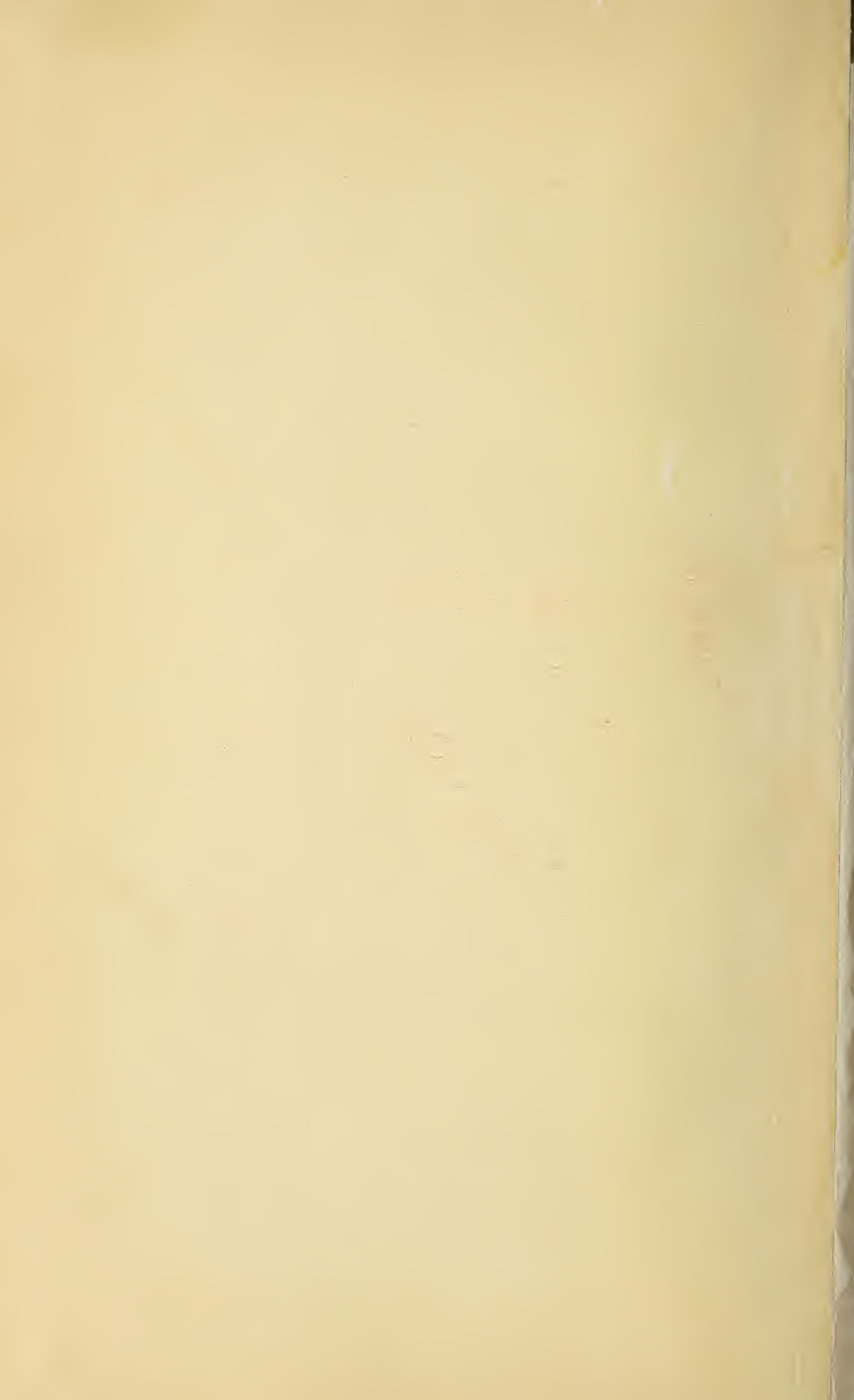
# INDIAN HORRORS *of the* FIFTIES



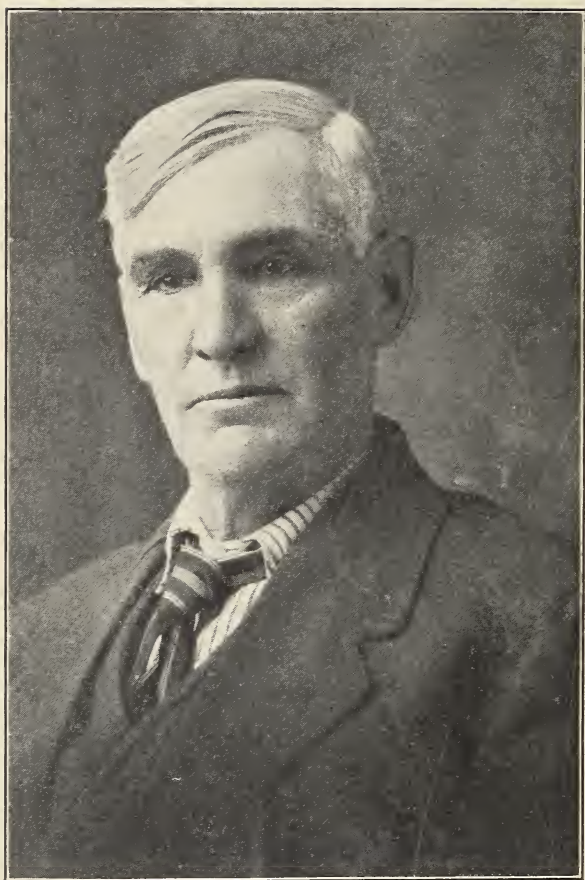
WRITTEN BY  
J. H. ALEXANDER

Field Captive by the Indians for Years





2002  
7/1/02



J. H. ALEXANDER



# INDIAN HORRORS *of the* FIFTIES

Story and Life of the Only Known  
Living Captive of the Indian Hor-  
rors of Sixty Years Ago.

*Copyrighted 1916 by the Author*

By J. H. ALEXANDER  
Synarep, Washington

E81

A32



©CL.A499465

JUN 27 1918

no 1

## INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this book to the public we are giving to them a true and correct history of the life of the only living captive of the Indian horror of sixty years ago. It is a thrilling story, one full of excitement and horrors, and the reader will no doubt say, after reading this book, that the author went through many hardships and a great deal of suffering in order that he would some day see his loved ones from whom he had been parted by the hands of the savage red men.

For many years the author wandered from place to place, receiving no education, working here and there, but finally settled down, giving up all hopes of ever seeing old friends or relatives; was married, and by hard work he has accumulated quite a little fortune, and at the present time is the owner of 720 acres of land, besides plenty of live stock, etc. With his family, and at a ripe old age, he is now living happy and contented.





## CHAPTER I.

The subject of this story was born in Virginia, and while a very small boy, six or seven years old, my father, after mother died, was all broken up and did not know what to do, but finally decided to go west. I was the only child in our family. I had an aunt living somewhere in Iowa. My father's name was Jesse Alexander and he called me Jesse.

He said to me one day: "Jesse, how would you like to go to Iowa and see your Aunt Molly?" I told him I would like to go the best kind.

"Well, son," he said, "We will go to see Aunt Molly."

He got ready soon after that and started. I never had travelled any, and of course I saw many new things and I asked father all kinds of questions about different things.

He said to me one day: "Jesse, you surely will be a very smart man if asking questions will have anything to do with it."

I said to papa: "Well, I never saw so many new things before."

I asked him one day how big a town Iowa was. Of course I was just an innocent little boy and did not know but what Iowa was a big town instead of a State. He explained to me that Iowa was not a town but a State, where lots of people, including Indians, lived.

I asked him a thousand and one questions about the Indians—if they were people like us or what they were like. He was, I think, a little vexed at my asking so many foolish questions. I well remember him saying I was sure a little dandy to ask questions.

We travelled along until we finally took the stage to go where Aunt Molly lived, and after a long journey we came to her home. It was a small place—I don't remember the name of the town, but it was a little hamlet with but three or four houses and a log house for a hotel. There was a big pond or lake right by the little hamlet. I asked him if that was Iowa. He said "Yes" to please me, I suppose, "We have finally got to Iowa. How do you like it, son? Does it look like home to you?"

I answered: "No, it does not. Let's go home. I don't want to stay in such a place."

Aunt Molly told me I was too far from home to think of going back. She petted me up and told me



that we would have a nice time fishing and hunting deer. Then I had a thousand and one questions to ask papa as to what deer was ; what did they look like ; and if they lived in the water like the fish did ? He and Aunt Molly laughed lots at my childish questions, but both agreed I surely was a dandy to ask questions.

Uncle James was her husband's name, for short. I do not remember what their real names were—only Aunt Molly and Uncle James, for short. He was a nice, good fellow, and when papa and Aunt Molly would josh me for asking so many questions, "Well, Jesse, I think they are too hard on you. Just tell them you want to know all about Iowa and you can't find out without asking some questions."

Papa, Uncle James, Aunt Molly and I went fishing while we were there. Uncle James caught an awful big fish—the biggest one I ever saw, and I asked him if he would not catch a deer next time. I wanted to see one. He said he would try and catch one so I could see what a deer looked like. Then papa and Aunt Molly began to guy me again about asking such foolish questions. Finally papa got a turtle on his hook in some way which could not get loose, and he dragged it out on the bank.

"Now, son, I have caught the deer," he said to me, "come and look at it."

I ran to see the deer. "My! Papa," I said, "It ain't like the deer was in Virginia—it has no horns."

He got hold of its tail and said: "Look here—it has one big horn." I thought that beat anything I ever saw. Then they laughed at me until I cried. Uncle James said I was a nice little boy and they must quit making fun of me. He told me that was a turtle and that deer did not live in the water like fish; that they lived on the prairie and in the timber, like cattle and horses did. Then I was satisfied. Uncle James always helped me out and I thought lots of him. I had worn papa out with foolish questions on our way out to Iowa and I guess he thought it was time to begin to break me of the habit.

The country was very new at that time and very few settlers lived there and they were far apart, and the Indians made it hard for them. It was nothing uncommon to hear of a whole family being killed. Some of the people would leave and go back where they came from to get rid of being bothered with the Indians so much. Things went from bad to worse and the Indians came to this little hamlet in a pretty strong force one night and murdered most all of the settlers. Of course I do not know whether any one of them was left alive or not. I was spared and taken a captive. I do not know whatever became of papa and Uncle James and Aunt Mollie. Papa was a very

resolute man and I think he would have fought to the last moment of his life.

After the massacre the Indians took me and went away from there and had a big time among themselves. I was scared to death. I did not know what to think or do among those savage Indians. They seemed to try to console me as best they could, but my—I thought it was awful. I could not understand them. They made all kinds of signs to make me understand, but I was so scared I could not understand anything, nor did I try. I wanted to go to papa, and Uncle James and Aunt Molly. I talked to them like I did to papa and they would just laugh and chatter among themselves like it was funny.

But it was everything but funny to me. I was so scared I did not know what to do with myself. I cried myself sick and the old medicine man fixed me up a lot of dope and they made me take it. I finally went to sleep and when I woke up I was in a big wigwam, laying on a big buffalo robe. I felt better but the scare came on me again and I was just about as bad as ever.

Then they were getting things ready to move and it seemed to me they finally got everything packed and we started. I cried most of the time until I wore myself out. I would tell them that I wanted to go to papa. They did not understand me, of course. I would point back the way we had come from. Then

they would chatter among themselves. I think they understood I wanted to go back. They would shake their heads and say, "Um! Um!"

They put me on a horse with a big stalwart buck. He tried, it seemed to me, to make it as comfortable as he could for me in every way. I got awfully thirsty for a drink. I told him I wanted a drink, but he could not understand. Finally we came to a little stream of water. I pointed to the water, then he jabbered something to me, and finally he took his hand and shut it up in such a way as to make a sign like he was dipping up water and then put it to his mouth like he was drinking. Then he looked at me and I shook my head as though I would say I wanted a drink. He got off and helped me off and I drank a big drink. Then they all had a big chatter among themselves. They would all evening make a motion with their hands like they were drinking and laugh and chatter about it like it was awfully funny. I guess they thought I had gained a great point to find out how I wanted a drink of water. They stopped pretty soon and stayed there a day and night, then the order of the day was to start for the main tribe. I could tell from their actions they shaped things up in a different way. They packed everything like they were going on a long journey. My prediction proved true. It was a long, tedious journey, sure enough, and when we arrived at the main tribe's home I was worn out again as there were some of them who never saw a pale face.

## CHAPTER II

The first day out we travelled north mostly ; camping in the wild prairie. Deer and antelope were plentiful. We had nice venison for supper without salt. It was my first meal without salt and I missed it very little, being too scared to notice it.

The Indians tried in every way to soothe my sorrow but they had to wear me out before I got any relief. There was a big stalwart Indian who seemed to share my grief more plainly than the rest. He was called in their language, Wild Dog. He had the biggest and best heart in him of any of the tribe. He was always very attentive to me and looked after my welfare at all times. He seemed pained to think there was anything wrong with me and would have the medicine man fix me up something to take. But it was worry and anxiety to see my own people that I needed more than anything else.

After supper we went to bed in their wigwams. We layed on buffalo robes in the rough. I did not sleep very much. One old buck persisted in snoring very loud. I wondered at any one of them sleeping

at all. I layed very still for of course I was scared to death anyhow. Wild Dog layed close to me. He would get up very carefully, slip over to me and listen to see how I was breathing in order to ascertain whether I was sleeping very sound. Then he would go over to the one who was raising the roof with his terrible snoring and give him a round up and everything would be very quiet for a while and I would get into a doze. Soon he would break loose again like a bear coming down a tree backwards, with all of his feet stuck through the bark of the tree. So it went on all night.

About daybreak I was out rustling around to see what I could see. Wild Dog soon joined me, but I could not understand his motions any better than his language, although he tried very hard to make me understand him.

By and by the whole party was astir. Little Chig Wing, the chief's little daughter, joined me and Wild Dog. It was very singular that her pa and I became mutual friends in a very short time and was for ever after that meeting. Inseparable we became—she was continually with me wherever I went with Wild Dog. I discovered when she missed me for half a day she was always crying and when she would spy me she would run and grab me around the neck and kiss me repeatedly.



We stayed in this camp until the sun showed it to be about the middle of the forenoon. Then things began to look like they were going to hurry on. The ponies were gathered together, pack saddles were strapped and the luggage on and we began to move slowly northward. We travelled all day until the sun was nearly setting, then camp was the order of the day. Little Chig Wing and Wild Dog and I were out to see what we could see. We rambled around until night, came into camp and had nice venison without salt again. My, if I could have had some of it cooked as my dear mother would have cooked it, I could have eaten a quarter of it myself. But it was not so bad as I was very hungry. Chig Wing ate it like it was good.

Their conversation ran in regard to me and the massacre. I could tell by their actions but not by their words. We finally went to bed again, but Wild Dog concluded he would make it a little more comfortable for himself and me. He took me to a large tree that had blown down, then he took a large robe and made a small tent up against the trunk of the tree. We huddled close together and was soon sleeping and knew no more troubles until the sun was shining bright.

The rest of the party were up when we got up. Little Chig Wing came running to where we were

and caressed me as usual. I, of course, responded in the same way, as she seemed to think so much of me. I could not help but think of her also in the same way. The chief and her mother took great notice of us kids and seemed to enjoy setting and watching us romp. Chig Wing's mother got so, in a short time, she would take me in her arms and hug me very hard and kiss me like she would little Chig Wing. That would please little Chig Wing greatly. She and her mother would chatter over it and have a big time, but I could not enjoy their conversation, because I could understand nothing only by signs.

We traveled some days all day and some days only part of the day and finally struck the main tribal force where there were many wigwams and many Indians. They had a big jubilee and I was the wonder of the times. Some of those Indians had never seen a white or pale-face before and they would take hold of my hands and look at them like they were looking at something wonderful. I got very tired of the ordeal. It was not interesting to me like it was to them. Finally Wild Dog saw that I was tired out and the new bunch of Indians were never going to get tired out looking at my face and hands, so he took me and waved his hand and said something to them.

We went away to a large stream of water and he caught some fine fish. We took them to the camp

and they were cooked as everything else was, without salt, so I did not enjoy them much. But the rest of the bunch seemed to enjoy them very highly.

After our evening meal Wild Dog, little Chig Wing and I went out to see what there was to be seen. We had not gone very far until we met another party of the tribe who had been out on a foraging trip, like the one that had captured me. They had two Irish fellows with them and I will have to confess they were hard looking customers. I think they had been very hard to subdue and probably fought like tigers. They had been captives for two days only and the Indians had very little time to tone them down.

The first thing in order was to give the new arrivals something to eat. Pat was one of their names. He was not much in the notion of eating, as he said in his natural Irish brogue: "Why in the devil didn't ye salt the fish more?"

Of course the Indians did not understand what he said and Pat went on and minced over it until he got tired.

"Well, be jabbers," he said, "I would rather be in Cork than here with these devils, starving to death. Well, old pal, when we do get back to old Cork we will have a devil of a story to tell the folks."

### CHAPTER III

Those poor Irish boys had been hunting gold with some other parties who had sent them out in search for new mines. They had gotten lost from their comrades and came in contact with those roving Indians, and of course was captured and brought in to camp. They were like most of the Irish—very smooth and caught on to things very fast. They were anxious at all times to be with me and Wild Dog. It would tickle Wild Dog to hear us talk. The Irish boys would seem to have lots to laugh about. I felt much relief after I got a little acquainted with the Irish boys.

We were watched very closely for a long time. In a little while the larger portion of the Indians went hunting in order to secure plenty of food for the winter. In a few days they began to roll in large bears and deer and elk. The two Irish boys were put to work to help dress the game. Pat had lots of fun about the knives made out of flint, and of course a saw would have beat them cutting all to pieces. Pat

would say out loud, "I wonder if any of thim red divils ever committed suicide by cutting their throats with them bloody things. I would much sooner be hanged by the neck than to have me throat cut with such a dagger as that."

Time went on and they had a fine lot of meat "jerked." Pat called it "jerked" because they hung it up in great big tiers, put a fire under it and half cooked it without washing it. That was for winter hash.

Bye and bye the winter came on and we stayed close to the wigwams. Only on nice warm sunshiney days we would go out a little. The two Irish boys had to carry lots of wood. Pat would complain often that this was the first time he ever made a horse of himself and he wished "thim red divils would be after hauling some of that bloody things themselves." But I believe they would of froze to death before they would carry a single stick.

Bye and bye the Indians got to taking the Irish boys out on hunting trips with them. They seemed to enjoy that pretty well. They got acquainted with the country during the winter. One day I overheard them talking about how they were going to make their escape when spring came and the weather got warm so there would be no danger of freezing. They wanted to take me with them but they could not figure any-

way to separate me from Wild Dog and little Chig Wing as they were my constant companions. I would have liked to have gone, still I had become very much attached to little Chig Wing and Wild Dog, as they had ever been true friends to me. In fact Wild Dog had become nearly a father to me.

The time wore on until finally spring came and the birds began to sing and the spring rains came and made the green grass grow. The water ran over low places and washed sand and dirt to smooth plains. Little Chig Wing and I would wander around. I had made her some corn stock horses like I made at home, only they were made out of a punk we got out of old rotten logs and I put tails in them made of horse hair and ears of buckskin. She thought they were something grand and showed them to the chief and her mother and they just went wild over them.

I had, by this time, got so I could understand nearly every thing they said but I could talk but little of their language. They talked of my great ability and that I should have little Chig Wing for my squaw when we got to the right age and that they would see that I was a chief of their great nation and they would subdue the great pale-face people for I would understand how to go after them to win out.

This news went out to other Indian nations and they were wild to see what kind of a creature I was.



They came hundreds of miles to see me and they were like my captors, taking hold of my hands and feet and looking at them with wide open eyes and chattering all the time about them. They looked at the corn stock horses so much that I thought they would wear them out. Finally they wanted to trade for one so they could take it back with them and show their people what the little pale-face they had captive had made. He offered the best horse they had with them for one of those corn stock horses. The chief knew that I could make plenty more so he traded with him and gave the horse to me. You can imagine I was awfully proud to think I had a horse of my own and I got it for a corn stock horse.

Finally those Indians who made the trade went back to their tribe and showed what they had and told them that I had made it. It set them wild to see me too in order to see what kind of a creature I was. They came in great mobs to look at me and to take hold of my hands and feet. I think they thought I was a great curiosity as they were determined to trade the chief out of me. They were so impressed with me they dickered a long time to get me away from the chief but he refused everything they offered. Finally they offered 20 head of horses, then 25 head and that was refused; then 50 head and that was also refused; then they offered 100 head of the best horses they had.

This the old chief looked on as a big price for a little pale face like me and he told them he would consider that offer a few days and let them know what he would do about it. They went back thinking that they had about made the deal.

But after they had gone little Chig Wing and her mother got after the chief and told him that he should never make such a trade as that. He told them that he had no idea of accepting their offer; that he told them he would consider it just to get rid of them. He said further that they did not have enough horses to get me away from little Chig Wing. That pleased little Chig Wing and her mother so much they both hugged and kissed him repeatedly and there was joy in the camp and Wild Dog was more than overjoyed. He told me that if the chief had traded me off he would have gone and stole me back again.

Everything now went smoothly along. Little Chig Wing and I went out nearly every day—most of the time alone. We waded the beaches and found lots of pretty rocks of many different colors and shapes. We came to a place one day where the surface was very smooth and pretty solid. I had before made pictures in such places and as I was pretty good at drawing pictures in sandy places, I went to work and drew a large turkey. It was very large and I drew the feathers on it nearly to perfection. I placed some nice little

colored rocks in its head for eyes. This set little Chig Wing wild with delight. I drew a nice striped zebra, then put in nice rocks for his eyes. They were just the right size and color to show off nicely. She thought it was a wonder and wanted to know if I had always made such things as nice as that. I then drew a large male buffalo with enormous horns and placed large eyes in the proper places out of my supply of rocks. I had just the right size and color to look good. He was looking away off at some object as though he was enraged. She thought that beat everything. She had seen many buffaloes running the plains. When we went home to camp little Chig Wing told her mother and the old chief about what I had done on the beach. They just laughed at her and told her in their dull way that she and I were going crazy and that they would keep us at the camp after this.

"No," she said, "come and go with us and see; then you will know what you are laughing about."

The old chief and his wife took us, little Chig Wing leading the way. With great anxiety she wanted to see the sights again as bad as if she had only heard of these great things. You never saw such wonderfully surprised creatures when they put their eyes on those things I had drawn in the sand. They stood and looked in amazement at the drawings and then at me as if they expected me to take wings and fly away.

They were surely overcome and did not know what to think or what to do. It seemed they were actually afraid of me. For a time they looked those drawings all over and over as if they were quite sure they were going to come to life.

Finally they got through looking them over and concluded to go back to camp. They talked about what a wonder I was anyhow. When we got back to the camp and all the Indians who were out hunting had returned, the chief called them all together in a great pow-wow. He told them of the great things I had done that day and what he expected of me in the future. In his remarks he made the statement that they had gotten the brains of the pale-face nation in their own hands as he had shown his ability very strongly that day, proving him to be one of the greatest of the pale-face race.

"When I die," he said, "we will make him chief of our tribe and then we will capture the whole of the pale-face nation and make them all of our own kind and the pale-face nation will all be our people. This little fellow has shown to me to be extra smart."

Most of the party got terribly fidgety before the chief got through with his remarks. They wanted to go and look at the great things I had accomplished. Finally the chief, after concluding his remarks, led them down to where the turkey, zebra and buffalo

were drawn in the sand. They were all spell bound at the sight of those mud pictures. They had never seen anything of the kind before and they could not comprehend it. Lots of them began to mistrust at once that I was a specimen of the great Spirit and the chief had hard work to control them.

Finally Wild Dog took me up straddle of his neck and ran around with me among the other Indians. They all had to look at my hands and jabber about what those hands had done that day. Lots of them had me straddle their necks until I was worn out. They were so overjoyed at my ability that they all agreed with the chief that they had a great prize in me.

The news spread to the other nations and they came from far and near to see the great wonders I had made and tried in every way to induce the chief to trade me to them. But he said that they did not have enough horses to buy me from little Chig Wing.

There was an old Indian woman who came one day to see those great miracles I had made. She asked me all about where I had seen the big bird that I could make one in the sand so nice. She told me of a large bird that her parents of long ago had told her about that carried off one of their children and that it could run faster than any of their horses with the child in its bill. She showed me how much bigger

it was than the turkey according to her ideas of that bird. It must have weighed 700 or 800 pounds. I, of course, was terribly interested in that big bird carrying off their child and I got her to show me as best she could, how much bigger this bird was than the turkey. She took great pains in showing me all she could as I told her that I wanted to make one like I had the turkey. I found out also that the monster bird had no feathers, but a wooly or long down covering. This old woman had never seen one of those large birds but she said that she had this story from her parents. She was also told that the bird was killed in its nest where it had five young ones feeding on a fawn. They found the bones of the little fellow besides the nest, as well as all kinds of bones. The birds had to be fed by the old ones until they were great big things and long after they left the nest. She said that after the old bird and young ones were killed there never was any more seen and they supposed that those two were all that were left living at that time and the male bird was never discovered. It was supposed by the people that he was very shy and when he found that his mate and little ones were gone that he emigrated to parts unknown. They never saw nor heard of those large birds any more.



## CHAPTER IV

The best that I could make out of the old lady's story was that those birds were an extinct species after that and that was many years ago at the time of this incident. I am quite sure the old lady was thinking of her old parents at the time she was telling about those large birds and she seemed to take quite an interest in me. She would look at me and pat me on the head and tell me what a nice little boy I was. She said she would like to have me in her family and that she would love me as much as she would her own. She said also she would not take me away from little Chig Wing and break her little heart. She was very sympathetic and when she went to take her leave she went to the chief and his squaw and had a long talk with them about me and when she went to leave she patted me on the head and kissed me and said that when I got "skookum" I should come and see her. That meant when I had grown big, stout and grown-up.

The two Irish boys did not get the attention that I did. All the extra attention was lavished on me and all the good things what they brought with them was given to me and little Chig Wing. Different kinds of birds were hunted and killed for us to eat. In the spring time there was a nice flower that grew up in a hard bed of ground in different sizes. They would dig up the roots and cooked them some way so at first I did not care for them, but after a time I could eat and enjoy them ever so much. The Indians were after it early in the spring just as the white people were after greens. They dug lots of other roots and such things to eat.

The Irish boys liked most of all those things that the Indians dug out of the ground. Pat said one day "It was a divil of a pity that them red divils didn't have a hog snout on them so they could get an easy living out of the ground."

About this time I noticed that Pat had begun to take quite an interest in an Indian girl. She was actually pretty for an Indian girl and she was as smart as a whip also. Her name was Waunagie. They called her father Wild Horse. I never could find out where they got such names for the different ones of the tribe.

Pat seemed to think the Indian girl was alright. He got so he was with her as much of the time as he could and it seemed to me she took to Pat as much

as he to her. This appeared to please all the Indians and none more than Wild Horse and his squaw. They seemed to just worship Pat after that and Pat and Waunagi would go out and be gone nearly all day on some occasions. They got so they would take little Chig Wing and I along. We would have a big time picking strawberries and after a time Wild Dog taught me to shoot with the bow and arrow. I soon was able to kill all kinds of birds and could even beat some of the Indian boys who were much larger than I was, and Wild Dog would laugh at them for letting the little pale face beat them at their own game. Then it would seem to make them angry for Wild Dog to pat me on the head and say I was getting "skookum," which meant, as I said before, stout and big.

There was no doubt in my mind at any time that Wild Dog didn't love me with all his heart and soul. I know he would go his length for me at any time, night or day.

Pat and Waunagi seemed to want to be together nearly all the time after that. I told Pat one day that he had fallen in love with Waunagi and that I believed they were going to get married some day. Pat said he didn't know about that as yet.

At this time the Indians took a notion that they would go out on another foraging expedition. Of course a large number of them stayed at the camp.

The ones that went were gone three or four weeks or more. They tackled on this journey, wherever they went, a moving train, and apparently got the worst of it. They lost several of their warriors and horses. I think, from what I could learn, that they tackled a train that had a band of soldiers guarding them. One of the Indians told me the "skookum pale-face shot mighty fast, killing quick a lot of Indians and horses."

They did not bring any persons with them this time and after they had rested up and layed around until they got pretty well rested up they began to get ready for a big hunting expedition in preparation for winter. On this hunt they took the two Irish boys along as they considered Pat an expert at skinning any kind of an animal. Poor Waunagie cried when she found out that Pat was going but Pat took it all in good part. He told her he would come back to Waunagie again. That seemed to please her greatly.

When they started Waunagie kissed Pat and cried like her heart would break. Then they started and were gone three or four weeks and brought in a fine lot of venison and buffalo and some bear meat. Then Waunagie was happy again. She surely "loved Pat to a finish." She showed it so plainly it could not be denied and I think Pat loved her just about as much as she did him.

When they had chopped up what game was brought in they rested for awhile and then took another round-up after winter supplies. They met with great success and were gone only ten days, bringing in a nice lot of pigeons. They put this meat upon a large rock and built a fire under it to make it dry fast and so it would keep good.

They always looked forward to laying in a big supply to last until the game had a chance to come back in the spring after the grass had grown. They did not kill anything to amount to much in the dead of winter. This winter that they had just prepared for proved to be a very hard one—lots of snow and it seemed as if spring would never come.

My, but I was glad when the snow began to melt and show signs of spring. I could see a different look in all of the Indian faces and Pat and Waunagie longed for it to come so they could take their usual strolls in the shade trees of the forest.

When the spring did come we were all happier. Little Chig Wing and I ran over the woods hunting what we could find. We went upon the cliffs of rocks and found all kinds of stones on one of our trips. We found a slate rock the rain and hot sun had made. It cracked and shelled off something like a piece of slate. I found one very thin one which I thought I could make a real slate out of if I could find a rock

hard enough to rub the slate rock smoother, so I tried it and succeeded in getting a nice smooth edge on it. But now I had no pencil of any kind to write with. Then I happened to remember where we had seen some red rock and I recalled the red keel that I found in Virginia along the beaches, and I told little Chig Wing we would go and get some and would make some nice pictures on that rock that I had made so nice and smooth. She was right in for that and so we went and found all kinds of the finest red keel. I made her a picture of a large peafowl with its feathers spread. She thought that was just grand. Then I made a picture of a squirrel, then of an owl, then of a big male buffalo, then of a large dog.

She was extremely pleased with all these things. Then I made a lot of A, B, Cs. She could not understand what they were, but some of the tribe had seen some letters like those on a paper somewhere and he was just as enthusiastic over them when he saw them. Both he and the chief were as much pleased over these pictures as the ones I had made in the mud. He called all the tribe together and had a general pow-wow over it. He made the statement that he had always thought that I was something great and now I had proven it beyond a doubt the second time. All the tribe had to take a look at me just like they had never seen me before and some of them would take



my hand and look them over and show their bewilderment. Then some of them advanced the idea that I was a kind of a Great Spirit and if they did not restore me to my people that something terrible would happen to them yet.

The old chief talked to them at considerable length, telling them that they were foolish to talk so, that I was only a little innocent pale-face who had done no harm nor could do none to any one. He told them again that one thing they were sure of was that they had the brains of the pale-face nation right in their midst and that I would show them great things some day. The old chief was a long-headed old fellow and when he spoke he always said something.

They all finally agreed with the chief that what he had said was alright and they all believed that I would make a great pale-face chief and that some day the pale-face nation would all be Indians same as they were. That seemed to please the whole tribe and they all spread the news to other tribes. They came from far and near to see the great freaks of the little pale-face. They seemed to think it beat anything that this tribe should have been so fortunate in getting hold of such a smart little pale-face as I had shown to be.

They came around hoping to trade the chief out of me this time sure. They finally offered him a thousand horses for me. He told them there was not enough

horses in the world to buy me from little Chig Wing. They finally departed, but the old chief and all the rest of the tribe kept a close eye on me that little Chig Wing and I did not get away very far from the camp. I think they were afraid that I would be kidnapped by some other tribe, as they wanted me so bad as to offer a thousand horses for me. Hence little Chig Wing and I never got much liberty after that. They were so afraid that I would be captured by some other tribe. After that the whole tribe seemed to just worship me. If any one of them thought anything was wrong with me they would go to the chief and tell him and he would have the medicine man look me over to see if anything was wrong with me. This ordeal lasted quite a spell but finally passed away. However, they always continued to make much of me at all times. I was certain that they all loved me as they did their own lives. They showed it every day. I was picked up and carried around many times when I would rather have been playing with little Chig Wing, but I knew they all thought so much of me that I could not refuse them the pleasure they got out of it, but it was an every-day occurrence.

About this time Pat got very sick and he apparently got worse every day. He was so very sick that Wau-nagie stayed by his side night and day until they had to take her away by force so she would get a little

rest. However she screamed so loud and they were afraid she would go crazy, so they let her go back to poor Pat. She used good common sense when she got back to him and did not act silly whatever, but said if he had to die she also wanted to die. The poor girl was in a terrible plight. Pat took her by the hand and patted it and told her he was so glad to have her so close again. They realized that it worried him to have her taken away and they told both of them that it would never occur again. That seemed to please them both and they smiled in acknowledgment.

Pat, after a time, seemed to get better. The medicine man, I am quite sure, did everything in his power to help him. He worked night and day with him until Pat was out of danger. He was so worn out he went to bed and stayed two days and nights—was only up twice in that time. He surely was a faithful Indian.

Pat was sick a very long time. He recovered very slowly but he had the never-ceasing care of Waunagie. He had a cool drink at every wish and everything else that was in her power to give. That spell of sickness sealed the future for Pat and Waunagie.

## CHAPTER V

Pat soon got to taking nourishment regularly, but it took him a long time before he was fully recovered. Waunagie took all the pains she could to give him every comfort possible, just as much so as if he had been her husband, which the reader can imagine will be the case at some future date. Pat finally got so he could sit up a little. He gained very slowly at first, but after he got up and around his recovery was very rapid and soon got very "skookum," as the Indians called gaining in strength or size.

As soon as Pat could walk a little he and Waunagie would go for a stroll. Waunagie was so afraid of a setback that she would not let him go as far as he wanted. She surely loved Pat and showed it in her every-day plans.

At this time Pat had gotten back nearly to his former self and he was very natural again. He finally recovered and was robust and hearty. He and Waunagie were out rambling around most every day. Wild

Horse and his squaw looked upon their rambles as being alright—in fact I think they knew Pat and Waunagie would marry. Pat was always a very welcome caller at their wigwam. I know they thought Pat was an “alright” Irishman.

One evening little Chig Wing and I went down to Wild Horse’s wigwam to take Mrs. Wild Horse some strawberries we had picked. We thought it would please them and so it did. She showed it in every way possible how much she was delighted. She told me that when little Chig Wing got to be my squaw she would come to see us in our wigwam. We had been there quite a while and just as we were getting ready to go we heard someone coming. We waited a moment to see who it was and it turned out to be Pat and Waunagie. They came up to the door of the wigwam with smiles on their faces. Wild Horse had just come in a short time before. They asked Wild Horse to come to the door and both he and his squaw rose to see what they wanted. Pat said in very fair Indian language that he could not get along without Waunagie and he wanted to know if either of them had any objections to their getting married.

I thought it beat anything I had ever heard of. Mr. Wild Horse took Pat by the hand and patted it and told him in a very nice way that he could have his Waunagie for his squaw for all time and Mrs. Wild

Horse said she was more than happy to know that Waunagie would marry a great white chief. Pat was a nice bright looking fellow. He was brilliant acting and would have naturally looked so anywhere he went as his general appearance was very fascinating.

Mrs. Wild Horse was so overjoyed she could not be still or keep from showing how happy she would be when her Waunagie was married to the big white chief. The news that Waunagie and Pat were going to marry was soon spread all over the tribe and there was general rejoicing. The Indians all looked at Pat when they passed him as if he was some wonderful creature and I am quite sure that if they had such a thing as a hat they would have tipped it to Pat when they met him. They surely did show him all the honor in their power.

Well time rolled on until the day set for the wedding. The chief always set the date for such occasions. Of course Pat and Waunagie were consulted by the chief in order to see if the date he selected would suit them.

At the time of the wedding there was a general stir. The ceremony was a very tame affair. I could not explain it as it was like the language a party had once told me of. He described it as the queerest language he had ever heard. I asked him to give me some idea of how it sounded. He said it was impos-



sible. Of course that aroused my curiosity more than ever and made me desire to get an idea of something that it sounded like.

"Well," said my friend, "It sounded like double Dutch spoken by a Choctam Indian suffering from chronic croup."

Now that explains the marriage ceremony of Pat and Waunagie. After the wedding there was a great "Hurrah" all night. I never heard such a time in my life. I could not explain what happened on forty pages of foolscap. Talk about your common services, they were not a drop in the bucket to compare with what went on that night after Pat and Waunagie were married. They had a regular jubilee for a week. It was real amusing to see how happy Pat and Waunagie were. They were just as happy as they could be. Pat was so jolly and Waunagie wore a nice rich copper collar with a fine form. Wild Horse had a nice wigwam built right at the side of his own for Pat and Waunagie and they went to it as soon as it was completed and lived very happy by themselves.

I know the Indians treated Pat like he was "some pumpkins." He was a nice looking fellow and well behaved. He would get lots of jokes on Waunagie. She got use to them and would just laugh at him. They got along just like they were both pale-faces. Pat was always running after her if she was belated

on a short sojourn to some place and she was the same way with Pat. If he was delayed she would jump on a pony and go like the wind until she found him. I used to think she surely loved the ground he walked on and I believe he was the same way about her.

It was now getting along in the season and they were talking about going out on a big hunting expedition to again prepare meat for winter. I began to wonder how Waunagie would stand it to have Pat leave her for so long a time as she had been so attentive to him since their marriage. But it so happened that Wild Horse left Pat at home this time to look after Mrs. Wild Horse and Waunagie, so she was happy.

They were gone four weeks and brought in a nice lot of venison, buffalo and bear meat. Pat went to work and helped put it up in braces to dry and half cooked it. During their absence he got a lot of wood ready. Old Wild Horse was much pleased with his son-in-law—"big skookum man." He said the Indians all worshiped Pat. They thought he was "just about it." Pat could now talk the Indian language to perfection. They got so whenever a new proposition came up they would consult him in every particular. I think they really paid more attention to what Pat said than to what the chief said to them. Pat got so

he would make great big speeches to them in the Indian language. Of course he was hoodwinking them in good shape, making them think he was a "skookum" man. He got so he was very near governor of the tribe.

When Pat called for a meeting of the whole tribe to give them a speech everyone would be present and listen with all ears. They thought that whatever Pat said was just right, and having married one of their tribe gave them implicit confidence in him and everything he said. Whenever a dispute came up among them they would lay their case before Pat and whatever conclusion he came to was accepted by all of the people concerned.

Pat could talk the Indian language as well as they could themselves. And he had a very stern way about him when he spoke, so the Indidans would pick up their ears like they were going to be persecuted in some way. Pat was very sharp. and he soon observed how he could "work" the Indians his own way. This was easy after he had obtained their good will. He knew how to keep it too.

Pat let it be known that he would make a speech on what the great white Father would do for them if they were only to ask as he wanted them to. That made them anxious to hear it right away and Pat made the speech. He told them that the great white Father

loved them as he did his white children, but that they did not do as his white children did. He told them that the white Father would give them homes to live in and wagons and buggys to ride in, and it would be so much nicer to live that way than to have to ride bare back horses all the time, and pull their meat in on poles tied together.

He gave them many reasons why it would be so much better for them to live like the pale-faces. They seemed to take a good deal of stock in what he said on the subject and they talked it over among themselves. They related it to others and they would come to see Pat and ask him to make the speech over to them and they would look at him while he was making the speeches as if he was something uncommon.

But they sure all looked on Pat as being a great white chief. They took every possible way of showing him that they could. If it had been possible for them to have tipped their hats to him I am sure they would have done so. He spoke the Indian language very plainly and had no trouble making himself understood.

Pat even got so he was considered a great chief among the tribe; in fact many of the Indians paid more attention to Pat than they did to the old chief. Whenever any controversy arose among them he was always consulted and he most always settled them in a satisfactory way to all parties. Hence they were as grateful to Pat as little boys and girls are to their parents.

## CHAPTER VI

Pat took great pains in shaping up their troubles and they got so that they ran after him a great deal more than they did the chief. I believe the chief lectured them about it, at times, pretty strong. In fact I think he was jealous of Pat to a certain extent.

Cold weather came on soon and we all stayed in the wigwams pretty close all winter. Things were very dull, nothing doing but once and awhile the warriors would go out on a light hunting expedition and bring in fine braces of deer and elk, and now and then a bear carcas. That was always a welcome change, after eating dry, half-cooked venison so long. We all wished for spring to come long before it made its appearance.

The first sign of spring was always hailed with great delight. When it did finally come the Indians moved their wigwams to another location, as was their custom. When they moved this time it was to a lovely location by a nice stream of clear water. It was real

amusing to move. They would cut saplings and tie them together and put their belongings on them cross-wise, then hitch up to a large home-made saddle, and off they would go to their new homes, happy as larks.

Pat and Waunagie were as jolly as any of them. Waunagie had not been very well all the winter and she was more than glad to move. She thought it would do her good and so did Pat. He seemed to think Waunagie was the only Indian woman in the whole camp.

When they arrived at their new homes they seemed more interested in seeing Pat's and Waunagie's wigwam shaped up more than their own. First I went to see Pat and Waunagie often. It done Waunagie lots of good to hear Pat and I talk in our language. She got so she could talk some and understood everything we said. She and Pat got along together like a pair of kittens. She surely was a lovely Indian woman. She had no rude ways, but seemed to be very lady-like, which was an exception among the Indian tribes.

After the Indians had their wigwams set up and ready for occupancy, the warriors went on a trip, or a foraging expedition, and were gone a long time. On this trip they were not very successful. They brought back very little stuff to show for their trip. They came in contact with a lot of renegades and



horse thieves and in the fight which followed, got the worst of it. Five or six of them were killed and the renegades did not lose a man, who intrenched behind a dense baricade so it was impossible to dislodge them. The Indians said this band of pale-faces was the hardest to do anything with that they had ever struck. Apparently they were all expert shots and when they took aim they always got their man.

The tribe planned for a long time to go back and take another whirl at the renegades, but they finally concluded the pale-faces were too strong for them. They tried to get Pat to go in with them but he advised them to let them alone as they were hard customers and dead shots, which the Indians had already learned to their sorrow.

The Indians had a great desire to roam and wander—going and coming nearly all the time. When they were in camp they did nothing, but made the squaws do all the work, carry the wood and water, etc. Pat, however, never allowed his wife to carry wood and water and she thought Pat “was about a right old boy.”

Along in the fall of the year Waunagie presented Pat with a fine little son and the whole tribe came to look on that baby and other tribes also came from far and near to see the little papoose. They looked at its hands and feet as if it was something very strange.

That baby was the talk of the whole tribe. They looked on it as a new proposition in the Indian world. Little Chig Wing took a great interest in the little papoose and she and I often went to the wigwam of Pat and Waunagie to see the baby. We were always welcomed and after it got so it could sit alone and began to coo, little Chig Wing thought she could not leave it alone at all. Waunagie surely thought more of it than the other Indian women did of their papooses. I did not know whether it was because it was half white or for another reason, but it surely had the attention of the whole tribe. It was a very beautiful child, and as it grew older, day by day, it became very cute and drew more attention than ever. Pat and Waunagie were very proud of it and they made it nice buckskin slips, braided nicely with different colored birds, and little moccasins, also very nicely braided.

Pat was a very fair skined man and the baby took after him more than Waunagie. It was nearly white with a slight copper color. It grew and screamed as if it were very healthy and soon got to be a very big baby. It surely was the talk of the tribe and got more carressing than all of the other papooses in the whole tribe. In fact it was a wonder how the entire tribe interested themselves in that baby. When he was able to walk all the youngsters in the tribe would nearly

fight one another to see who would take him out walking. However, Waunagie kept a good watch over him to see that he did not walk too much as the youngsters would keep him out too long unless they were watched. Then the father and mother would be worried until Waunagie had to refuse to let him go out but seldom.

The summer quickly passed and fall was at hand again and the Indians were preparing to go hunting to lay in the winter supply of venison, elk and bear meat. They went out in great droves and Pat brought in the wood to dry and half-cook the meat when it was brought in. They were gone about two weeks on the first trip and brought back a nice lot of fine meat. Pat had everything in readiness to hang it up and they all rested up in a few days then went out again and returned with another lot of fine venison, elk and bear. They kept this up until they had enough to run them until spring.

While they were gone Pat smoked and dried the first lot and had it ready to pack down. This was appreciated by the Indians and I know from the way they acted they thought he was just about "it." The Indians prepared for the winter by securing plenty of things to eat, but in no other way. The wood had to be carried all winter through the snow by the squaws. It seemed awful for those great big lumber-jacks of Indian men to lay around and let their wives

carry all the wood. However, it seemed to be the custom and they never complained.

The Indians were much different in their affections for each other than the white race. They never showed any signs of love for one another than if nothing of the kind existed. Or at least I never witnessed any indication of such a thing. When one of the tribe became sick the rest seemed to think nothing of it, and when death came to a member there was no emotion whatever shown. The corpse was disposed of and nothing was said or done to indicate that there was a death in the tribe. The burial in those days was mostly in a very stony place to keep the wild animals from molesting the graves. They piled stones of large dimensions all over the graves. After a burial the Indians would do nothing for several days but mope around and not talk much. I never could understand why they did so as they never shed a tear at the burying ground, nor did they ever have anything to say about the dead at the time of burial or after it. They never visited the burying ground like the white people do. When there was a funeral nearly the whole tribe would go and participate in the burying. The wigwam that the dead had been taken from was left vacant for a long time after the burying—at least six months elapsed before it was ever occupied again. When the proper time had elapsed and the wigwam

was going to be occupied again, they had a great ceremony of some kind and called on the great Spirit to take the bad things out of the wigwam. They had some way of distinguishing when the bad things were gone, or at least they thought they had. They were naturally very superstitious and yet thought they were smart in every sense of the word. It was amusing to see how much stock they all took in Pat. He surely had full sway. Whatever Pat said always "went." He was a very smart Irishman; took notice of all things and understood the Indians thoroughly.

He knew that the old chief was losing ground with his own tribe all the time and that he himself was gaining ground. Pat was looked upon by all the neighboring tribes as being a great white chief. After a time they thought whatever he said was law and gospel. He made several speeches telling them what the great white Father would do for them if they would go to work and do like the pale-faces did. It apparently had a great effect on them. Some of them were in favor of adopting Pat's scheme, but others were bitterly opposed to such a course. I think the old chief had a great deal to do with that proposition. He realized that Pat was gaining the good will of his people and he naturally saw that he was being ignored by them, to a great extent. Whenever any controversy arose in the tribe it was invariably taken to Pat

for his decision and he was smart enough to decide it in such a way as to give universal -satisfaction. Of course by this time Pat had the language completely mastered, and he could tell them very plainly why he had decided as he did. He was praised by the whole tribe as being the great white chief. He was as sharp as a tack and always had his eyes open to the best proposition in order to gain favor with the Indians.

The Indians were a great people to resent a wrong, but yet they were very sympathetic and true to a friend "to the jumping off place." On the other hand to a foe they felt very bitter and could not treat such a one cruel enough.

Apparently they had some idea of a hereafter and of a great Spirit above. They never said much about it. Then, too, they had but a little idea of time. The way they counted years was by referring to so many "snows." They would hold up one finger in discussing a question concerning one year, or two fingers for two "snows," and so on until they had all their fingers up. If it took all of them to express the number of years, and that was insufficient, they would double up their hands and then commence as before, and so on until the right number of years were counted.

They had very funny ways of expressing themselves. Another thing about them was that they had



very little controversy among themselves, but if it did occur they said very little about it. Then when they got to taking their troubles to Pat for a decision, he was always smart enough to give the one who needed reprimanding he would do it in such a nice way that they always hated to have the same thing occur again. It finally got so it was a very rare occurrence that anything went wrong with any of the tribe. Pat finally got the Indians so hypnotized that if he had told them that it would be best for them to go and drown themselves, I think they would have done it. Pat surely held the strings over the Indians and they were all on Pat's side all the time.. It made no difference what came up, Pat was naturally such a smart fellow and had an eye to business, that he never let a chance slip to gain a point—and that was nearly every day.

He would take great pride in telling the Indians about what a great country he came from and the great big "skookum" sailing ship he crossed the sea in, and how the wind nearly blew it over several times. They would gap and stretch their necks as if it was taking a great effort on their part to do so. They said it must have been a "skookum" wind to nearly blow over such a big house on the waters as the one he had described.

Pat used to joke the Indians all he could and they got so they liked it very much. They had never done

anything of the kind nor did they seem to comprehend it for a long time, but after they were able to understand it they began joking each other, and also joke Pat and Waunagie to a finish. They naturally got to thinking that the sun rose and set in Pat.. If he ever made a suggestion everyone of the Indians would agree with him. They would "go their length" any time for Pat—it made no difference what it was. If Pat had asked them to carry him around as chief they would nearly have fought to see which one of them should have the honor first. Pat surely had the wool pulled over their eyes pretty well.

He had a great way of joking Waunagie. Then she would just laugh at him and sometimes joke Pat in return. She got so she was not slow on the joke. The other Indians also took it up and it got to be a great fad with them. They were so taken with Pat that they would discuss his ideas of becoming civilized like the pale-faces at considerable length.

Pat had told them that the pale-face race always had plenty of good clothes to wear and plenty to eat at all times and did not have to go out in the snow and march in it all day to get something for supper and breakfast. They thought that was very nice.

Well, winter came and it was very cold and stormy. It snowed in torrents about the middle of the winter. It had seemingly about quit snowing and the weather

had begun to show that everything was smoothed down for the balance of the winter. One morning everything looked like it was going to be a nice day, and, as usual, the Indians had not been out on a hunt all winter and they began to want some fresh meat, as they were very tired of the old dried and half-cooked meat, so Wild Dog asked me if I did not want to go along that day, and, of course, kid like, I was always ready to go, so Wild Dog fixed up my horse and put me on and away we went.

We struck a large herd of elk about noon. They killed six or eight of them and it was great sport. They sent them in to camp by some of the party and they resumed the hunt to see if they could find some deer. About half an hour before the sun set they ran on to a nice herd of about forty or fifty deer. The snow was so deep that it did not take long to kill half a dozen, then they strapped them on to the ponies and started for camp. It began to look very hazy and cloudy. Some of the Indians seemed to be alarmed. They knew all the signs of their country and they made all speed possible towards camp.

We had not gone very far when all at once it commenced blowing and snowing so that you could not see ten feet ahead of your horse. The horses got so excited it was more than I could do to manage mine, and the rest had all they could do to manage their own

without bothering after me, so I got behind in spite of everything and no one could see anything. My horse got so unruly and he kicked up so high that I fell off and he ran back to camp.

Of course no one could see who was who and did not notice the horse without a rider until they got to Camp and Chig Wing knew that it was my horse and that I was missing. She and her mother just went wild as they thought I probably had got killed or would freeze to death.

As soon as the ponies were unloaded the chief offered 100 head of horses to anyone who could find me first. Most of them split the wind in search of me, but by this time it was dark. I had lost no time in hunting a place for the night. I wandered around till I found a very large hollow tree with a large quantity of rotten wood in it. I threw it out to the entrance and had a pretty good place, as it was not very cold. Of course I knew that as soon as they all got in camp and found my horse there without me on him, the whole bunch would be on the hunt for me, so I was not much alarmed but what I would be rescued. Wild Dog and Crazy Bear, as they called him, (this was another Indian who always seemed to think I was just about right) came splitting through the brush, making enough crazy noises to frighten the bears out of the woods. They done this so I might hear them

and let them know where I was. I don't think Wild Dog was ever so happy as when he stopped at the big hollow tree and spied me. He just fairly groaned for joy. He and Crazy Bear rolled me up like I was a baby and took me to camp just as fast as it was possible to go. The rest of the Indians had all come in and given up the hunt, but they all stayed up all night rejoicing that I had been found and returned to camp, none the worse for my trip. Little Chig Wing and her mother nearly had a fit when Wild Dog and Crazy Bear unrolled me and they saw that I was all right. They just rained kisses on me and hugged me awfully hard. The whole tribe put in the next day celebrating the event of me being found and restored to them without being hurt or frozen to death. Little Chig Wing told me if I had been eaten up by a bear or had been frozen to death she would have drowned herself as she never wanted to live any longer without me. Of course I felt very sorry for her, as she said those words very lovingly.

By this time the weather had about settled down to a normal state and everything was going along normally again. The snow had began to melt by this time quite a little and everything went along smoothly until spring. Then the snow melted and the grass began to look green and the birds' songs surely made it seem like life was worth living again. I and little

Chig Wing as usual roamed over the hills hunting bird nests and playing. Some of the warriors went on an expedition to some place, I did not know where, and when they returned they had lost several of their comrades. They said they ran across a lot of pale-faces who had "skookum" guns that never stopped shooting when they commenced and they said if they had not ran away from those palefaces, they would have all been killed.

They talked a great deal about what "skookum" guns the palefaces had and thought if they only had guns as those palefaces had they would have got every one of them as their number was much larger than the palefaces. I think from their description of the bunch of palefaces that they came in contact with that they must have been miners who were prospecting for gold and of course they were well prepared to defend themselves and they never stopped shooting as long as they could get sight of an Indian. This put quite a damper on the Indians. They said the palefaces were "skookum" shooters and they did not want to come in contact with the palefaces any more, as they were afraid they would be killed next time.

The ones that were not killed, but very badly wounded, layed around the wigwams for a long time and nursed their wounds and talked of the affair and wished they had stayed at home. One who had the



end of his nose shot off would go to the creek nearly every day to look at it. That was their looking glass to look into, as they could see themselves in the water. It took a long time for his nose to get well. He would twist it around and complain of how sore it was and wish that the paleface who shot him had his nose cut off clear up to his face. Some of the other Indians would guy him about losing his smelling apparatus. They all stayed close to camp for a long time; they seemed to be afraid to venture out too far from camp. They were naturally very cowardly and wanted every possible advantage and then showed but little mercy, if they got any advantage whatever. The Indian, as a rule, was a very superstitious creature. He always thought everything was against him, whether it was or not, and was naturally very hard to convince that he was wrong.

Pat could usually convince them when they were wrong, but he had a hard struggle some times to even do that. It gave Pat a great string over the Indians. Pat tried to convince the Indians that the paleface nation did not want to do them any harm, but would like to teach them how to make a better living and live easier than to be roaming over the country all the time, doing nothing. That did not strike the Indians very favorably. They did not want to settle down to hard work. They would rather go hungry first. It just seemed as if there was no work in them.

## CHAPTER VII

At this time the Indians got the word in some way that the paleface nation was invading their territory and they were worked up to a very high pitch. Those that had a tussle with the prospectors and got the worst of it, did not want any more of it in theirs, so they said their guns were too "skookum" for them. They were in favor of moving on so that the palefaces could not find them, but the scare finally passed off about the palefaces coming on their hunting ground and everything took on its usual appearance, but some of them would still continue to scout the country to see if they could see any sign of the palefaces coming around. I think if they had seen a very large number of the palefaces coming they would have ran themselves to death as they had got so alarmed over the "skookum" guns that the palefaces had that they were quite sure that they would all be killed on sight. They finally gave up the idea that the palefaces were coming.

It was now getting time to begin to think of winter and their modes for supplies. They went to work and fixed up all their wigwams and teepees for the winter and made arrangements for a big hunting expedition to prepare winter rations, so they finally got everything ready for the hunt. Everybody was in great glee when the time came to start.

“Whoo Big Indian kill heep deer and bear,” was their pride in hollowing all along the line. Wild Dog and Crazy Bear seemed to be more still and sensible than the majority of the Indians. They always had something to say to me when they were going away. Wild Dog would pat me on the head and tell me when he was far away from me and laid down to sleep at night, he would think of me and wonder if I ever thought of him. I told him that I never went to bed but what I thought of him and wondered if he was well and happy and that I surely hoped he was. That seemed to please him wonderfully to think that I took so much interest in him. Of course it was very natural of me to think lots of Wild Dog, as he was my main standby. He was always looking after my welfare and there was nothing too good for me to have, if it was in Wild Dog's power to get it for me. He never lost his interest in me in all the years I was with the Indians. He seemed to realize the fact that I was out of my latitude and among strange people and

needed the tenderest care of some one. He was the most patient Indian in the whole tribe. I think Crazy Bear was next to Wild Dog in that way. He seemed to have lots of patience also.

Well, the Indians were gone a long time on their hunt, but when they came back they had a nice lot of fine meat—deer, elk, buffalo and bear. Bear meat was my choice and of course they always gave me the best. I don't know whether I ever got naughty or not in their eyes, but they always treated me like I was a little pet. Whatever I did was always all right in their eyes, or it always seemed to be at least.

Pat went to work and put the meat up to dry and smoke, as he had the rack all built in their absence, and wood prepared for the purpose. After the meat was all hung and everything ready for the fire to be started, the Indians all patted Pat on the back and said to him, "Big skookum chief make big fire and cookum meats."

The Indians all layed around and "wikirbaguird" that meat and rested up for another big "kiwankir." This was the way they expressed themselves when going on a hunting expedition. Bye and bye the time arrived to start on another hunting trip. They all seemed glad to go and that the time had arrived to start. They were gone a long time, but everything went along nice and smoothly while they were gone.

They finally returned with another fine lot of meat—mostly buffalo—and they had all the hides. They made a fine lot of robes and used them for bedding. They were nice and warm in the winter.

Pat had the first lot of meat already dried, cooked and smoked, ready to put down for the winter, so they all went to work and put it down and hung up the new supply, to prepare it for keeping through the winter. Pat soon had it in a good way for drying and cooking, or rather half cooking, and smoking it nicely, but it made it kind of bitter—so much smoke.

The Indians who had been gone on the long hunting tours had nothing much to do with anything around camp. The squaws had to carry all the wood and water and the men just laid around like lazy dogs, waiting to be fed. I could not see how there could have been anything like love mixed up in their affairs. They were so lazy it seemed like the squaws would hate them. The squaws seemed to be very industrious in some ways, but they were dirty and slouchy. They did not know what tidiness meant. The squaws went to work and dressed up all the robes that came off of the Buffalos they killed and had a nice lot of bedding for the winter, which was fast approaching, and it was well that they prepared a nice lot of new bedding for it proved to be an extreme cold winter and a long one. Also, that snow was very deep and it was

more or less stormy throughout the season. It got so cold and the snow was so deep that it brought the Indian men home, to go after wood, as the squaws could not get through the snow with it, so the men were forced to get the fuel, but it seemed to me that they would have rather froze than go after the wood. They surely were the laziest creatures that ever lived, but they were always ready to eat and plenty of it too.

My, but when I look back on those days it makes me cringe to think of it. All of those long years were lost time to me, of course. It did not bother me so much as one who never went through such an ordeal would naturally suppose it would. I was very small when I was captured and naturally grew up with the idea that it was not so bad, as those who never experienced anything of the kind would suffer. But it never got so that I did not think of my old home and the different things that I had in the old home, then with the Indians it was the same ordeal every day and week. The same things to eat all the time, and it was not like mother's table. Little Chig Wing and I would go to Pat's Wigwam very often to play with Pat's and Waunagie's baby. It was very cute and got so it was glad to see us. Waunagie always seemed pleased to have us come after the baby got so it could walk. It would run after us and seem to have big times. Pat



got so he would monkey around with the Indian men quite a good deal. He had nothing else to content himself with.

The other Irish fellow that was captured at the same time Pat was had never been like himself since he was captured. He never went out any more, but seemed sullen and morose to everything around him. It seemed at times that he had about lost his mind, and it is possible he had as he never took any pride in anything, did not seem to pay any attention to anything, and did not even talk to Pat to amount to anything.

He went along until spring in a peevish condition and when spring came he moped around and finally got sick and lingered along for a long time. The medicine man seemed to do everything for him that he could, but nothing seemed to do him any good and he finally died and was buried, in the same manner as the Indians were, in a rough, rocky place, where there was an immense lot of rock rolled on the grave to keep the wild beasts from bothering the grave. The Indians seemed about the same as when one of their number would die. Pat did not seem to take much interest in the affair. I think the reason he did not was that he just considered that it was for the best, as he had been morose and sick nearly ever since he was captured and I think Pat thought he was as well off dead as alive.

I used to wonder in my own mind whatever would become of me and Pat. Of course I never expected to be looked after by my people, as I really had none that knew of my awful condition. I supposed my father was killed in that massacre when I was taken prisoner, as he was a very resolute man. When he went in to anything he went heart and body and I don't think but what he perished at the time and no one else knew of my fate to look after me, so I had to go it until fate would chance to change my position.

The country kept settling up with the palefaces, driving the Indians farther north all the time and the Indians would run on to a train of supplies now and then. They could get lots of things to eat that they never did get before and they got so they would go and hunt for trains of wagons of emigrants and freighters. On one occasion they brought a lot of fire crackers they had got out of an emigrant wagon which was taking them to a small place to have a Fourth of July excitement. They did not know what they were until Pat showed them how they were used. The Indians though that beat anything they ever run on to. Pat amused the Indians a great deal as long as the fire crackers lasted. They thought the palefaces had some funny things. They talked lots about

those little things and what a skookum noise they made.

Things went along smoothly for a long time. Finally the white people began to settle in closer to the Indians all the time and the Indians would back out farther north, after having a few round-ups with the palefaces. A few of them would get killed as the palefaces had such "skookum" guns. They got so they hated to come in contact with the palefaces, as they always got the worst of it. Finally they moved away far north, many, many miles. They said the palefaces would never get so far as that, so they put up their camp and thought they would be safe at last. There they lived happily for a time, then the roving renegades began to put in their appearance. There was a bunch of them located away northwest of where the Indians' camping grounds were located.

Finally the Indians began to find out in some way that they were accused by the palefaces who were civilized, of committing lots of the crimes and murders that those renegades were guilty of, and they held a great pow-wow to know how to proceed with those renegades. They called on Pat to express his idea on the subject. Pat at once grasped the idea that here was another chance to put himself in the lead of all future manoeuvres with the Indians. He well knew that the renegades were playing it on the In-

dians to make the settlers think all of the underhand work done, was by the Indians. Pat told them that the best thing that could be done was to kill every renegade in the country and treat the settlers with all due respect and things would go on different.

They talked over the matter a considerable length and finally the old chief asked Pat if those renegades were as two-faced a people as to try to lay all their bad deeds on his people. Pat told the chief that they were hard customers and would do anything in the world to clear their own skirts, tell any kind of a lie, that they were a mean, low down outfit, driven away from the rest of the paleface nation because of their bad conduct and that they were not fit to live among civilized people. Pat told the chief also that those settlers were, as a usual thing, a very quiet inoffensive people and if they were treated right that they would be good friends to the Indians. Pat told the chief he knew both kinds of people and that the renegades were bad fellows wherever they were, and that the usual run of the paleface nation hated them as bad as they did a snake and had no use for them whatever. This speech of Pat's seemed to throw a great lot of life into the chief as well as the whole tribe. They pow-wowed a long time over the situation and finally concluded their meeting the next day and dispersed for the night. The next day you could see that the

whole tribe was awakened to Pat's speech. You could see them in several bunches discussing the matter. They all had a peculiar look on their countenances. Some of them believed what Pat had told them about the palefaces hating those renegades as bad as they did a snake, others would contend that it was impossible to hate their own people so bad as to run them away from their abode or to kill them.

They all thought that Pat was about all of it and they finally agreed that he knew much better than they did how the palefaces done their business and when the time came for the pow-wow to commence they all gathered around a big mound and the old chief was the center of attraction. All eyes were on the chief to hear what conclusion the chief had come to. Well, the chief looked over all those who had gathered around and he had a very pleasant smile on his face, more so than I think he had ever wore before, in all my recollection.

I wondered at such a change in him and I noticed all the Indians had noted a change in their chief's countenance. Each one would look at the other and seemed to be spell bound. I began to wonder what was coming as I had never noticed just such a proceeding. I noticed that Pat was looking very funny compared with his usual looks. Pat did not know what to think, I guess, any better than did I myself.

Finally the chief called to order those who surrounded him and began his speech. He said in his awkward way of expressing himself:

"Fellow tribesmen, I have weighed what our honorable white chief has told us." Now I had never heard the chief honor Pat with such a compliment before. The whole tribe looked at one another like they were spell-bound as they noticed the chief's change of heart towards Pat. He had never before showed anything like his present expression towards Pat. Then they went into details about what the great white chief had told them about the paleface.

He said that he had weighed his words very carefully and he was convinced that he had told the truth and after this they were to look to the great white chief to guard them in whatever controversy they had with the paleface nation. Then all the Indians looked at each other as if they had been shot at and missed. They all liked Pat so well they ran and patted him on the back and acted as if they wanted to hug him. I never saw such a change in all my Indian rounds.

Finally things settled down and the chief said, "Now I want to arrange matters to dispose of those paleface renegades," and they were all right in for going after them. They said if they had been laying all the blame on the Indians for what deprivations they had made themselves, it was time to put a stop to it, or



try to, at least. They all agreed that it was time to act.

At this stage of the pow-wow the meeting broke up. The chief called to Pat to come up there; he wanted to speak with him and Pat went up to where the chief was and greeted him with a very warm welcome. The whole crowd seemed spell bound. They did not understand what the chief could want Pat to come to him at that time. They looked at each other like something awful was going to happen right away. Pat went to where the chief was and they had a few private words and Pat stood up and called the crowd to order and everything was so still that you could hear their hearts beat. I think they naturally beat very hard at this instance anyhow.

When they all were still and quiet Pat began what he had to say. He commenced in a new way for Pat, as he never had put in such a talk before in all the speeches he had heretofore made to the Indians. He commenced in this way:

"Fellow tribesmen, on tomorrow, at the time when the sun shows to be the middle of the day, I want to speak to all of you of our Great Father and what I know He wants to do for all of you, and what He will do for you if you will only let Him. Now remember what I tell you and all be on hand. Now you are all dismissed."

I never in all the time I was with the Indians saw or heard such an uproar that went off at that time. The Indians surely were all wild with delight. They ran and patted Pat on the back. Such a yelping I never heard in all my life. Each one seemed to be crazy to get to Pat first. It was at least twenty minutes before they recovered from the excitement. Pat was always looked on after that as a great white chief.

The next day at the time designated them to be present, they were all on hand a full hour before the time appointed by Pat to hear him speak about what the Great Father wants to do for them. They were always very much interested about the Great Father. They seemed to get very fidgety before Pat began his speech. It seemed that they could hardly wait for him to commence. Finally Pat said in a loud, clear voice :

“Are you all ready to hear about what I am going to tell you about our Great Father?”

They all raised their hands and said, “Yes, chief, go ahead. We can’t wait any longer.”

“Well,” said Pat, “Our Great Father is calling you to come to Him. Our Great Father loves you and your children. He wants to give you fine skookum horses and cows and good homes to live in like He does his white children; with nice light wagons and buggies to ride in; have plenty of things to eat, and

have nice things to wear and have nice saddles to put on your horses when you want to go out horseback riding. And He wants to send your children to school, make them smart and intelligent. The Great Father loves you and your children as much as He loves his white children, but He don't think you treat Him right when you kill His loved white children. He thinks that you have never learned better yet, but hopes you will soon. Now this is wrong and you must quit such a practice. He calls on the Great Spirit every day to change your minds on this subject. He thinks that when this is done you will be as good as His white children, then He can love you all much better. Now the Great Father talks lots about you all being His children and how glad He will be when you all become good children. He wants to help you all if you will only let Him and be good yourselves. Now all of you think over this matter and see if you don't think it would be best to have the Great Father love you more and help you to live in a better way than roaming around all the time. Whenever you come to this conclusion the Great Father will love you as much as He does His white children and you will all be surprised how much better you will live and how much happier you will all be when you get to living in skookum houses and have skookum horses, horses to drive to your light wagons and buggies, have everything to

eat like His white children eats, when you would live like His white children lives for a little while you would never come back to this kind of living for the whole world. I want you all to think over this matter that I have put before you today and see if you don't all think it would be best and have the Great Father love you more and treat you like He does His white children."

At this stage the whole audience seemed to be spell bound. There was not a move in the whole tribe. They all seemed to be in a very deep study; Pat's words had brought quite a change to all of them. I could see that they all believed every word Pat had said to them. They all seemed to be more like mourners at a big revival than anything else that I could compare them to. They all seemed well pleased and wore a jolly smile.

When Pat dismissed the audience they all were very quiet and went home to their wigwams, just as quiet as they could as though they had been to a revival meeting. Sure enough they did not whoop and rant around like they usually did. The next day they were all very solemn and it seemed like a great change had taken place in the whole tribe. I am satisfied they all thought that Pat was just about next to the Great Father Himself. They would talk about what a great speech Pat had made and they were all in favor of

following Pat's advice. There were a few of the older ones of the tribe who were a little bit mulish and who did not seem to take to what Pat had said, like the majority of them did, but the most of them held out for Pat and told those who did not seem to take to all of Pat's speech, that they wanted to be sure that they knew he was all right and had spoken the truth in every sense of the word.

Finally they all agreed that Pat was all right and that it must have been the Great Father who had sent him among them to enlighten them. After that everything went along differently. Wild Horse and his squaw would come to see Pat and Waunagie very often and ask Pat lots of questions about the Great Father. Pat would always answer their questions very promptly and it could be seen that they took a great interest in all that Pat told them. Wild Horse would say he thought it would be so nice to live like the Great Father's white children did, to have a nice skookum house to live in and big skookum horses to drive to a nice light wagon and have plenty of everything to eat and not be roaming around all the time. Wild Horse seemed to be a very sensible Indian and he thought Pat was just about it, I know, for he always acted as if he was wishing he was Pat himself. After that the Indians all took more pride in Pat than ever. You could see they all worshipped Pat at all times. Pat surely had all the Indians under his control.

## CHAPTER VIII

For a long time the Indians were very quiet and stayed in camp until the fall. It began to look like winter would soon be on hand and they all began to make preparations to go on a big hunting expedition to prepare meat for the winter and they all got ready and went out very peaceably and it seemed they were more anxious to go than I had ever noticed them before. Their faces looked bright and they all looked bright and well and robust. They were gone a long time.

Finally they got back and had a lot of buffalo meat and some bear meat, but very little deer meat. Pat had, as usual, got up a lot of wood to dry, to smoke it with and he went to work and hung it up and started the fire to dry it out, so it would keep nice. Those who went out hunting and brought the meat into camp did nothing but lay around and when Pat had the meat all going in fine shape, drying and smoking, they all got ready and went out on another expedition. They



were gone a long time, this time, and when they came back they had the nicest lot of deer and elk meat I ever saw. They were just loaded down. Pat had to increase his rock to make room for all of it, but he was fixed for the emergency and soon had it all on the rock to dry and smoke. They all said that Pat was skookum to hang up the meat and dry it so nicely to keep it good. Those who had brought in the meat seemed in good spirits and would talk about their great white chief, what a skookum man he was and how much they loved him and what a great man he was and they did not see how they had ever got along without him. They all seemed to think there was something better in store for them in the near future.

Well winter began to show more appearance every day of being close at hand. They all fixed up their wigwams, preparing for the cold weather that showed to be close at hand. Wild Horse helped Pat fix his wigwam up very nicely and make it comfortable and warm. They had only just got their wigwams well shaped up when it suddenly came a change in the weather and turned very cold and very stormy. This was very unexpected so early in the season. All congratulated themselves on commencing to shape up their wigwams so early as they did. They all predicted a long, hard winter and began to figure whether they had enough meat to run them in case it was a long

hard winter and after a long spell of hard weather, the game fell off quite a good deal in flesh and the meat was not so good and tender, so they came to the conclusion that they had better take another hunt right away, so they got ready and went on another hunting expedition and they were not gone very long that time and brought in a nice lot of deer and elk.

Pat as usual had a lot of good wood piled up to dry and smoke the new arrival of meat and he went right to work and put it up in the rack and soon had it drying. The weather cleared up and it was nice weather for a long time, but finally the weather changed and it was very cold, stormed fearfully and snowed a very deep snow and stayed very cold the rest of the winter. The snow got so deep it was impossible for the squaws to drag in the wood and the old bucks had to finally go in to it themselves. Crazy Bear was the laziest Indian I ever saw. He continued to compel his squaw to drag in the wood after the other bucks had gone to preparing the wood for their wigwams. I guess he finally got ashamed of himself and he finally went to getting the wood, by his squaw helping out some. The snow was very deep and it seemed nearly impossible for the squaws to get through the snow with a big armful of wood.

This winter just spoken of happened to be uncommon, long and cold. It seemed as if it would never

let up snowing and it was bitter cold and the first time that ever the bucks made themselves useful in the way of helping the squaws get the fuel. It seemed they were just too lazy to eat enough if it had not been they had to keep life going. But they were always good and ready to eat and wanted plenty of it too.

Pat always furnished his wigwam with plenty of wood and kept a good fire going and little Chig Wing would often go to Pat's wigwam and stay a long time because it was always nice and warm and we would have a big time with Pat's little boy. He was so cute and liked to play with us. It seemed like he was glad to see us come. I had at this time taught little Chig Wing and some of the other Indian kids how to play hide and seek. One of them would hunt us and we got Pat's little fellow to do the hunting, and he got so he did enjoy it ever so much and it seemed to tickle Waunagie a great deal to see him hunt us. She said he got so he would ask every day why didn't we come and live with them. She said he did not seem to care anything about the other Indian children, but he was always talking about us. Pat was always jolly and had lots to say to us. Pat talked with quite a brogue like he had not been very long from Ireland. Wau-nagie noticed the difference in our language and one day she asked Pat what made the difference in our speech. He went into details to explain as near as he

could what made the difference. But I don't think she understood it very well. We talked the Indian language most of the time so she could understand us, but I wanted to talk my own language some of the time so I would not forget it entirely. We would get it mixed up some times pretty bad, then Pat would invariably laugh at me and tell me that I was getting to be a pretty good little Indian. He asked me one day if I ever thought I would get back to my people. I told him I did not know about that but that I expected that I would not. I had been away from them so long I would not know how to act and I had nearly forgotten how things used to be at home, as I was so small when I got with the Indians. I knew their ways and had got very well contented now and very seldom thought of my people and my old home. He asked me how they got me and when I told him I could not tell him so he could understand very much about it.

I told him about where I came from to Iowa and it was at a big pond or lake where we were when the Indians came on to the place and killed all of the white people but me and took me with them and I told him that I had not been with them only a few days when he came in with them. He said "Poor little boy," and seemed to sympathize with me.

Then I asked him what he was doing and where he was when they took him. He said that he and Jimmy

(that was the other Irish boy that died) was working with a mining company, hunting for gold and silver and that they were sent on an errand back to where they had camped, to get some tools that they had left at the camping place and before they got to where the camping place was, that they came in contact with the Indians and had nothing to protect themselves with and that they just had to give in and be taken prisoners or probably be killed. Of course they hardly knew what to do as the Indians nearly always killed all of their captives. He said to Jimmy that the best thing they could do was to just try and act as though they were satisfied with them and Pat said they treated them very well, but it took them three or four days to get to the main tribal camp and that he and Jimmy was tied every night, so that it was impossible to get loose and they never slept any to speak of.

I said to Pat that was the reason he looked so tough when they brought him into camp.

"Yes," he said, "It nearly done both of us up, as we had been used to regular hours and plenty of sleep."

I told him that I made up my mind as quick as I saw them come into camp that they had probably fought like tigers with the Indians, that made them look so tough.

"Be jabers," he said, "It was not because I did not feel like it, that I did not knock the red devils down and pound the stuffins out of them, but I knew if I had done anything of the kind they would have tomahawked us both and that would have been the last of Pat and Jimmy. So I held my temper and tried to make the best of it. My, but I was glad when we got to the main tribe, as I thought we maybe would get a little rest and sleep any how."

I said to Pat, "Why didn't you run away from them during the day?"

"Run nothing," he said. "They had us tied together and some of them went in front and some behind and some on each side, and it was impossible to give them the slip, and they chattered all day long until long in the night. I thought they never were going to sleep and we were tied so tight and in such a position that it was absolutely impossible to go to sleep. I began to think if that trip lasted much longer, we would surely die. We would nearly, in spite of our condition, go to sleep, walking along. That was the hardest time of my life, and of course we did not know what they were going to do with us. We just came to the conclusion that that was their usual habit. We knew nothing of the Indian life or their ways and we could not understand their signs. One day I said to them, I knew, however, that that they could not understand



what I said, that I wanted to go back, and I made signs pointing back the way we had come. They all said, 'Um, um,' which meant 'no,' I guess."

At this expression I just laughed until water ran out of my eyes. Pat looked at me as if he wondered what tickled me so much. Well I was so tickled at the answer the Indians gave him when he asked them to go back and they all saying, "Um, um," reminded me of the way they talked to me when I pointed the way back and asked them to take me there. The one I was with said "Um, um," which meant "no," of course, and when Pat told his story about "Um, um," it tickled me so I would have had to laugh if I had known that I would have been killed in a minute. It tickled me so that I think Pat got half disgusted, but he had not had my experience of course. He could not see anything funny about it.

After that for a long time, when Pat would get in a big way with me, and want to see me laugh right hard, he would say "Um, um," to me, and of course I would laugh until the water run out of my eyes, and I could hardly quit laughing. My sides would be sore for a week. Pat said he would give anything in the world if he could be so tickled so that he would have to laugh like I did. He said he knew it was very funny or I could not laugh as I did. He said he could see streams running down my face.

## CHAPTER IX

Very naturally Waunagie asked Pat one day what he said to me that made me laugh so hard. He told her that it would take a long time to explain the story, but he gave her the idea and told her how all this laugh came about. She, of course, could see nothing funny about it, but when Pat told me about those Indians telling him "Um, um," I thought I would surely die. Could hardly get my breath, and to help matters out, Pat looked so funny at me that it doubled my tickle a hundred fold, as he had seen nothing uncommon to laugh about.

I asked Pat if Jimmy was always so dry and had nothing to say and seemed so morose. Pat said he was engaged to be married and his girl was coming over from Ireland in a short time and he was to meet her at a certain place, and Pat said it just broke his heart to think he was in such a condition; that he could not meet her, and he never was the same old boy any more. I told Pat I used to wonder what made so much

difference in them. The Indians never seemed to have any use for Jimmy like they did Pat, but they never said anything about him not being lively like Pat was. But under those circumstances he had enough to break his heart as his poor girl would think he had played off on her and probably had married some other girl here in America and let her grieve over the past. It was enough to make the poor fellow morose and have nothing to say and finally die with grief.

Well, the poor fellow was better off, as he surely was a pain to himself and all others around him. I was sorry that I had not known his awful condition before he died, for then I would have tried to encouraged him in some way, but I was nothing but a little boy and, of course put in all my time with little Chig Wing and Pat together. Pat was lively and always seemed to think lots of me and, of course, Jimmy was so still and morose that I naturally did not like to be with him like I did Pat.

Well, the winter began to show signs of breaking up. The snow began to melt and you may guess we were a happy bunch of Indians. It was much later than usual breaking up. We thought spring was never coming. After the snow began to melt, it would turn cold and it lingered along that way for a long time. Finally it broke loose and all went away nearly at once and it turned warm and nice and it was not long until

the grass was beginning to look green and the birds began to sing and every thing took on new life.

Little Chig Wing and I, as usual, was out running up and down the beaches putting in pieces of bark to see them float down stream. We would get as wet as drowned rats. Some times the old chief and his squaw would give us quite a lecturing about it, but it done no good, for we would go right out the next day and do the same thing right over again, and take another lecturing, but that was all—they never spanked us or whipped us. It was not a rule among the Indians to whip their young, or at least I never saw anything of the kind in all my rounds with the Indians. I never saw any of them strike their children. They would lecture them pretty strong sometimes but never strike or threaten them, and their children thought lots of their parents and the parents thought lots of their children. They got along so nicely. The Indian men-folks always got along with having very little controversy. Once in a while a little dispute arose among the warriors and they would invariably take the matter to Pat to settle, and it seemed like it was always satisfactory, then you would never hear any more about it. It seemed like Pat's word among the Indians was law. Pat would always ask them several questions; I think as much as anything else, to have time to study the matter over to be sure he understood the

nature of the case and then he would always decide in a way that both sides were well satisfied. Then they would say to Pat, "Heap nice big white chief." That would tickle Pat very much to think they honored him so much.

About this time there were quite a number of them who wanted to go on another raiding expedition. They did not say much about it, but got ready and went. Most of the main warriors left and were gone a long time. When they came back they had lots of trophies of one kind and another. They had run on a train of people who were going across the plains or going some where to settle in the new country. They got lots of nice calico and they got three or four whole cheese, and they seemed to like cheese awful well.

They did not know what use to make of the calico, so they unrolled a roll of nearly red calico and cut it into three strips and tied it to their saddles and got on their horses and ran them. The calico was flopping and sailing through the air and such a time I never saw. The squaws were running and cheering for all they were worth. They sure had a big time in camp for a whole week. It brought a Fourth of July performance and it lasted for a week and it seemed to get funnier every day. On this occasion they got three or four saddles and they were very much elated over their saddles as they were so much

superior to their own make. They would look them all over and examine them to see just how they were made. The squaws had to get on them and have a ride to see how they rode. They were much pleased with the paleface saddles as they were so much nicer than their old tied up things. Some of them were very nice with lots of brass headed tacks and some of them had red hearts and diamonds in the leather. They just seemed to think that was awfully nice and they would put their fingers on those hearts and diamonds of red leather and talk about what nice things the palefaces had and wondered how they could make them so nice. Every time any of them had to go anywhere they had to put on one of those saddles. Some times they would have quite a squabble over who should have the new saddles instead of their old rattletaps. They were so much easier riding than the old fashioned Indian saddles that they all wanted to ride the paleface saddles.

Then came a long rainy spell and they stayed in pretty close. It got so wet and sloppy around the camping grounds they had to move their wigwams on higher ground. That was quite a job and it took them quite a while to get everything straightened out.

About this time they got into a jamberee with some other tribe of Indians and they talked like they were very mad at those other Indians. They finally had a



regular quarrel and several on both sides were killed and wounded. It was nearly a year before they got things quited down among themselves, and after they got all straightened out they would have nothing to do with each other. I never could tell what brought on this trouble. They were very peculiar in their makeup and did not say much of their troubles at this time. They began to talk a good deal about the Great Father and got to the point where they wondered if they could possibly have a big pow-wow with Him in some way. It seemed that they had been figuring a great deal about Him since Pat had given them such a speech about the Great White Father. I could see it was telling on them pretty strong. They would talk lots about the Great White Father and about what nice things He had, and if they would be good and let His white children alone and not kill them or disturb them in any way, that He would be good to them and give them skookum horses to drive to a nice little wagon and give them nice saddles to ride on and heap big skookum houses to live in, and plenty to eat and wear. They thought it would be so much nicer than the way they were living. My, but they were dirty and terribly filthy. It was a wonder they were not all sick from the filthiness, but they were rarely sick or ailing in anyway, but always ready to get out and go on all occasions.

Another singular thing with the Indian squaws was at the time of a birth they would always go away by themselves and stay all alone until the babe was born, and without attention from anyone, and when everything was all over and the babe was straightened out all right they would come into camp with it and nothing was said about it by anyone of them and everything went on as usual. I used to wonder if they got anything to eat all that time or if they did without until such a time as they could get back into camp. The babes always seemed to do well and the little things were always well. It seemed very seldom that they were sick or ailing in anyway.

Another strange thing about the babies they hardly ever cried or were very little trouble in any way to their mothers, and they grew very fast. It would not be long until they were toddling around as lively as crickets. After they got to running around the mothers paid very little attention to them, not more than some dumb animal would. It seemed strange how they acted towards their young after they got so they could toddle around, but until they were able to toddle around they were very careful with them and tended to their wants very regular. I thought it very peculiar that the little fellows never cried to amount to anything. It was real funny when they first began to try to walk. The mother would always talk to

them and seem to have a jig with them, but very seldom kissed or hugged them like the white women do their little ones.

The old bucks never paid any attention to the little ones, no more than if they had not been there at all. I thought that very strange and I thought they were the worst dumb animals to be in the form of human beings as anything I ever saw.

At this time the Indians had got to be much different towards the white folks than they had ever shown to be before. I think Pat's speech to them had quite a bearing on them. They would very frequently talk about the Great White Father and wish they could see Him. They imagined He was something wonderful in the shape of man. They asked Pat if the Great White Father was a big skookum fellow or was He just like all the other palefaces. Pat told them He was just like the majority of the paleface race. They asked Pat if all of the paleface race liked the Great Father. Pat told them that they did invariably like Him, for He was so good to them that they could not help but like Him. They all thought they would like the Great White Father and used to wonder if they would ever get to see Him. I think the chief had given the Indians orders not to kill any more of the palefaces that they came in contact with and not to bother them in any way, but to let them go their

way. The Indians had at this time taken on another change in their general make up. They never took anymore prisoners nor killed anymore palefaces that I heard of. They began to figure that if they could only get to see the Great White Father and have a pow-wow with Him they would change their way of living.

They did not know that they would have to work for what they got. They had always thought that the Great White Father would give them everything they wanted without them making any effort whatever. If they had thought they had to strain their muscles I think they would have thought the Great White Father was not what He was cracked up to be, as they were actually too lazy to work at anything, but they had got it into their heads that He would just give them all of those nice things without any effort on their part whatever. They went along in very fine spirits for a long time and everything seemed to be all right, so far as the Indians were concerned, until the white settlers got to settling in pretty close to the Indian hunting grounds and then the Indians began to think they were getting too close, and began to talk of moving farther north, not because they disliked the white people, as much as they wanted to be by themselves.

They had by this time began to think the white people were not so bad as they had always thought they were, but they had their own ways and did not think that they would exactly like to be too close to them, so they began to talk of going farther west and north. Finally they got ready and moved away north and west of where they were at this time. After they were settled some of them made the complaint that it was a very foolish move, that they had as well stayed where they were as they contended the white settlers would finally come to them again. However some of them would contend that the white people would never get that far.

Here they shaped their wigwams up in good style and took on new life. The place where they moved to was a very nice one to have their village. A nice little clear stream of water ran right close to their village and it had lots of fine fish in it. They would catch lots of them and dried a large quantity of them for the winter food and they were very nice eating after they were nicely dried and smoked. Some of the old bucks could eat a whole fish themselves, at a meal, and a good sized one at that. My but they would lay around and grunt, after they had eaten enough to founder a mule, and too lazy to think of stirring around to work it off, but just lay around like a lot of lazy fat hogs. This was a nice grassy place

and their ponies could get plenty of fine grass without going very far after it and they all got very fat and sleek. The Indians said it was the finest place that they had seen for a long time.

Game was very plentiful and they could go right out in a short time and bring in a lot of fine meat. Plenty of bear, elk, deer and some antelope, but the antelope meat was not so good as the other meat. It seemed to me to be a little bitter in taste. I never knew what made the difference, but none of the Indians seemed to relish it like they did the other kinds. Buffalo meat was very nice but the bear meat was the best of all. It was always very fat, so I suppose that made the difference. It did not get so dry and hard and was always real oily and juicy. My but those old bear skins made fine beds to sleep on. They had fine fur and it was very long.

While we were camped at this place some of the Indians caught a couple of young bears and brought them into camp and they were very funny creatures. They were not hard to make pets of and it was not long before they were very tame and easy to handle. We had some big times with them and they could eat a lot of meat too. Some of the Indians said they would soon eat as much as it took for the whole tribe. I thought to myself if they could only see themselves eat they would think the little bears were not in it.



They grew very fast and it was not long before they were great big bears. They would climb trees and cut all kinds of antics. They were kept tied up most of the time as the Indians were afraid they would stray away and get with some old bears and not come back. They got so they would play with each other and growl like anything. Little Chig Wing and I would watch them and enjoy ourselves quite a good deal, but we would never go very close to them—we were too afraid. We did not know what they might take a notion to do. The young bears would eat the fish cleanings up, as clean as if there was nothing thrown out. That was one good thing about them. There is nothing in the world that is a worse nuisance than where fish are cleaned. Those young bears just licked the ground perfectly clean.

One day while they were cleaning the fish, little Chig Wing and I were watching the little bears lick up the filth when one of them got a bone in his throat. Such clawing and growling and pulling at his throat I never seen in all my life. Little Chig Wing was very badly frightened, as she did not know what was the cause of such a change in one bear. I finally told her that the bear had got a bone in his throat and it was hurting him pretty badly, but he would get it out bye and bye, but I guess it had a very good hold on his throat and seemed he could not get it out,

so we finally went and tried to help him, but, of course, there was nothing we could do. However, sometime during the day he must of gotten it out as he seemed to be all right that evening.

Little Chig Wing told some of the Indians she was sure the little bear was going to die and after that they were very careful about leaving bones in the litter. The next day the little bear seemed to be all right and none the worse for having had such a time with the fishbone in his throat, but we noticed that after that when they went to eat the fish litter that they were more careful and seemed to remember what a time they had before. They seemed to have lots of sense and they generally used all they had too. Those young bears finally got to be great big bears. They looked very funny strutting around with their shaggy coat of long fur. In the winter time the Indians fixed up a nice warm place for them to sleep and they were seemingly very well contented. But it took lots for them to eat. They had to prepare lots of grub for them besides what they had been used to preparing. One bear could eat as much as ten Indians, so it took lots of extra hash on their account.

## CHAPTER X

About this time the Indians discovered that there was a big renegade den not far north and west of them and they were a hard set sure. They would not care to come in contact with the Indians for they always came out victorious. They had the best of fire arms and were experts with their guns and pistols. Whenever they got a shot at an Indian he was sure a dead man, and the Indians found this out to their sorrow. They got so they would run for dear life at the sight of one of those renegades and they never went near them unless by accident. Once in a while they came in contact with some of them and nearly always some of the tribe were killed, as the renegades were sure extra good with their guns.

Finally things got to such a pass that the Indians held a great pow-wow to see if they could not devise some plan to dispose of those horrid renegades, so they came to the conclusion that they would get all the Indian warriors into line and make a big raid on

the renegades den and kill the last one of them. So they got everything in readiness and on a certain day they were to make the raid on the renegades. They made big preparations for the raid and one morning they had everything in readiness and started for the den. Before they got to where the renegades were they spied three or four of them riding along and they gave chase and the renegades fired on them and killed three or four of the Indians and then made their escape to their den. However, the Indians had grit enough to follow them up to their den, but it was to their sorrow, as those whom they had come in contact with had got there first and they were all prepared to receive them and every time the crack of the renegades' guns were heard, three or four Indians would be no more. They killed Indians as fast as they could count them fall.

Finally the Indians saw that if they did not get out and go they would all be killed so they whirled around and ran for dear life and concluded they had all the renegade warfare that they ever wanted. The renegades killed about twenty-five of the Indians and never lost one of their men; so that put an end to the Indians talkikng about exterminating the renegades. They would talk lots about what skookum guns the renegades had. "Killem heap Indian; Indian not killem any renegade at all." They were

very mute for a long time after that roundup with the renegades. I think they were actually afraid to go out, in fear that the renegades were watching them. They stayed in camp pretty close for a long time. I think the renegades had them so badly whipped that they would actually have ran and left their squaws if the renegades would have made a raid on their village. They were always talking about what skookum guns the renegades had. The Indians surely had all of it they wanted.

It was real amusing when the Indians had their pow-wow and was going out to clean out the whole bunch of the renegades and nearly got cleaned out of all of their best warriors and did not get one of the renegades. After the pow-wow, some of the big bucks would slap their hands across their breast and say, "Big Indian killem heap renegades," but the renegades killed lots of Indians before they were through with their raid on the renegades' den.

I think that the round with the renegades settled the renegade question with the Indians. They were completely whipped and I think that so nettled the Indians that they concluded that all the palefaces were a bad set of beings. Such a roundup as the one just referred to kept the Indians stirred up a great deal longer than they would have been if those bad white men had never come in contact with the

Indians. The Indian wars would have never been prolonged half so long if those hard cases had all been exterminated before they even got among the Indians. It was nearly a year before the Indians got over the roundup with the renegades. They talked a great deal about it and said the renegades had all the advantages over them. They were in their big log den and the Indians could not get to see them, but the renegades had holes to shoot through and it was impossible to harm them, while they had to take the renegades bullets without any protection. The Indians seemed beat and out of heart for a long time. They had enough to make them feel tough. They finally fixed up a plan to oust the renegades by making big torches and said they would go in the night and set fire to the renegades' log house and burn them all up. But later they gave up the idea. It so scared them to think about trying any more battles with the renegades as they had the Indians badly whipped and I think the Indians finally came to the conclusion that the farther they were away from the renegade outfit the better off they were.

When they went off on a hunting expedition they always went in some other direction besides towards where the renegade den was. They had all the roundups they wanted with the renegades. In every case



they had always got the worst of it and seemed contented to let them alone. They finally concluded that what Pat had told them about the good palefaces running the renegades off from themselves was about right. The Indians began to lose confidence in their ability to accomplish very much with any of the pale-face nation and began to talk a great deal about the Great White Father, and wondering if they could not get to see Him in some way, and have a pow-wow with Him and get Him to give them some big skookum houses to live in and big skookum horses to drive to some nice light wagon and plenty to eat. They all thought that would be so nice, especially those lazy old bucks. They had it pictured out that if they could make that kind of an arrangement with the Great White Father that they would not have to go on long hunting expeditions and dig for their living, but that the Great White Father would give them everything they needed and supply their wants in every way. They seemed to have very little ideas as to the requirements to make a living. It seemed to be the nature of an Indian to be just so lazy that he could hardly draw breath until it forced itself into him.

It was really astonishing to see them lay around and their squaws running their legs off hunting wood to keep the fire going. It would seem the squaws would get so they would hate the looks of those lazy

bucks, but they were always very cheerful with them, like everything was all right.

About this time Waunagie brought Pat another fine little son and when I found out about it and saw Pat, I laughed at him and asked what he was going to do, raise himself a little Indian tribe of his own. He looked at me so funny and said, "Um, um." Then I had to split my sides laughing again. He knew it would make me laugh very hard. The whole tribe had to come and see the baby and they would look at it like they never saw a baby before. They would take hold of its feet and look them all over and its hands the same way. My, but they would do the most chattering about it. I even heard that Waunagie even got tired of them coming to see her baby. It looked like they would never get through coming and going. The other little Pat was awfully proud of the baby. He told Waunagie she must not let them take the baby away or he would go and get it again. He just seemed to think the baby was the whole thing. He would cut all kinds of monkey shines around it and try hard to get it to talk to him. He would ask Waunagie why the baby could not talk to him. He told Waunagie that he talked when he was as little as the baby was. She would laugh at him and tell him she guessed he could not remember that far back. Pat and Waunagie seemed to be very proud

of the baby. Pat would have to take a look at it every time he would come in. Little Chig Wing and I put in a good deal of our time at Pat's wigwam and we were always very welcome visitors. After the baby got so it could set alone and began to coo some, we had big times playing with it and Waunagie would smile at us like she enjoyed seeing us playing with the baby. It was very light complected; taking more after Pat, as had the first son. It was a very bright baby and soon got to be very cute. Wild Horse and his squaw would come to Pat's wigwam very often and seemed to think there was nothing like that baby. Wild Horse and his squaw both seemed more like white people than any of the other Indians, but they all treated Pat with great respect. They always called Pat the great white chief. In fact he was very near their chief, as all of their controversies were taken to Pat for settlement and no heed was paid to the old Indian chief himself. I don't think the old chief cared very much though. It saved him lots of bother and he was getting very old and did not care very much about how things went, so he wasn't bothered very much.

I think he knew that Pat knew more in a minute than he did in a month and was quick to act on anything that was brought before him. Pat sure had the Indians buffaloed pretty badly. They would put

in a good deal of their time asking Pat lots of questions about the Great White Father. It seemed they had the Great White Father on the brain. I think they thought if they could only get on the good side of the Great White Father in some way they would be fixed for life.

Pat would always answer their questions in some way to please them; it made no difference whether it was correct or not, they did not know any different anyhow. Pat could stand so many of their foolish questions. He surely was made of patience, but he seemed never to get out of fix about them asking him so many questions.

I asked Pat one day if he did not ever run out of answers to those questions. He looked at me and said, "Um, um." His answer was so unexpected to me that I nearly split my sides laughing and I don't think I ever saw Pat laugh any heartier in all the time I knew him. I finally asked Pat what in the world had come over him that he laughed so hard, and he said it would make a dog laugh to see me so badly tickled. Well I said to Pat that when my funny got tickled that I couldn't stop it, and then he laughed heartier than ever. Pat said if he and I were not separated he was afraid we would laugh ourselves to death. He thought it would be a pleasant death, and I told him it would be to me, sure.

## CHAPTER XI

Pat and I had some pretty big times together. He said one day to me that he did not know what would have become of him if I had not been with the Indians while he was with them. Pat was surely a bully old boy. I asked him if he thought he would always be with the Indians, and he said he did not know how he could do otherwise now that he had married one of them and that surely Waunagie would not want to leave her people, but Pat said he thought the time was not far off when the Indians would quit their sulking around and begin to live more like white people did. He said they were talking it very strong now, but a few of the old tomahawk warriors would not hear of it, but Pat said they would all be dead soon and then the other Indians would be nearly sure to change their ways and he longed for the time to come for the change as he was very tired now of Indian life. He said he never had any idea of being with the Indians very long when he was captured, but he could never see any chance to escape with

safety, so he just stayed to save his scalp until time wore on and he got started in with Waunagie. He just naturally liked the girl and married her and now they had two nice little boys and he would have to stay with the Indians until such a time as they all gave up their Indian ways and settled down to live like white people did. He said the Indians began to think they would have to make a change as their hunting grounds were getting less all the time and the time would soon come when they could not make a living like they used too, and he said they all could see that they had to make a change soon in some way and Pat did not think it would be many years until the Indians would all settle in a way like the white people were. He was working on them all the time to bring such a change about. I said to Pat, "You seem to have the strings on the Indians." And he said "Yes, and I mean to hold them, too." I said, "Good old boy, don't let them get the strings loose and hurry them up to make the change as soon as possible." Pat said, "You bet they will never get them loose again if I can help it, and I think I can help it, as I have the most of them so influenced in my ways that they will not be very likely to go back on me now, or at least I am not afraid of it."

Well, at this time it was getting along in the Fall and the Indians all began to figure on fixing up their



wigwams for the winter, so they went to work and fixed all their wigwams up good and then went out on their annual hunt to prepare meat for the winter. They were gone a long time and brought in a small amount compared with what they had usually been bringing in on other Falls. They complained that the game was not half so plentiful as it used to be and they were going in another direction on their next hunt and see if they did not have better success, so they did not tarry very long until they went out again, and stayed a long time and came in with less than the first time. It looked like very small rations compared with other fall hunting. They complained that the deer and elk had so many of them gone, they did not know where, but they said they could not find them. So some of them concluded they would go after the buffalo. They thought sure they could get a good supply of buffalos and they hustled right out and were gone quite a while and got a nice lot of buffalo meat, so it made enough to run through the winter. All winter the Indians would discuss the shortage in the game and they seemed alarmed about their condition. In case the game got much shorter, they would suffer.

It did begin to look a little dubious for them. The country was getting settled up so much that there was not half the range for the wild animals that there

used to be, and the white settlers had to kill lots of the game for their meat supply and consequently the game was getting shorter every year and the Indians became much alarmed for fear they would starve and they did not know any other way to get a living, only to hunt the wild game, and when that was gone they were up against it sure enough.

They began to question Pat a good deal about the Great White Father and see if He wouldn't take them in like He did His white children and keep them. He could tell them that their game was nearly all gone and they could not get very much to eat anymore, that they would starve if He would not take them in. They rubbed it into Pat pretty hard and Pat was, in fact, as near stalled on that occasion as he ever was, I guess. It put him to studying how to answer them. He told them that the White Father had got very angry at them for killing so many of his white children that He was afraid that it would take a very hard effort to persuade Him to take them in now, but he would try and see what he could do. Of course Pat had no money to go on and there was no such thing among the Indian race at that time and Pat explained that it would take lots of money to go where the Great White Father was and he could not go without it. The Indians figured in a good many ways to see if they could not get Pat to go out

among the white settlers and see if he could not sell them a lot of their buffalo hides and robes and bear skins to raise enough money to go and see the White Father.

Pat told the Indians that they were all poor folks and that he did not think it would do any good to go among them as he was pretty sure they had very little money among them, and what they did have they had to buy the necessities of life with and could not buy any luxuries. The Indians had, at this time, got the Great White Father on the brain and it was pretty hard to convince them that it was really impossible to get to see Him, but they finally gave up the idea of getting Pat to go and see Him, so they went along as usual; but they would talk a great deal about the Great White Father and wish He would come to see them and have a big pow-wow with them.

But I learned the ways of the world and naturally took a great deal of interest in trying to learn to read and write. Some places where I stayed for a time the young folks would take quite an interest in showing me how to write, spell and read, and I finally got to one place where there were no children or young folks, but just a man and his wife.

They said if He would come and see them they would tell Him that they would not kill any more of his white children if He would take them into His care and give them big skookum houses to live in and big skookum horses to drive to nice little wagons and give them plenty to eat. Pat finally told the Indians the best thing to do was to treat the Great White Father's white children nice and never molest them in any way and the White Father would finally send some of his head men into their camps and talk the matters over with them. So the Indians made it a point not to kill any more of the Great White Father's white children. Pat told them when any of them met up with any of the Great White Father's children, to put their hands on their heart and motion to them to come to them and keep patting their hearts, and that would be the same thing as telling the white children that they were not going to hurt them.

They done as Pat told them and there were no more of the white children mistreated by the Indians. The Indians went on in this way for a long time and the white folks got so they were not so much afraid of the Indians. I think some of the Indians got so they would go to the white folks' homes and hold out their hands as if they were begging something. Of course they could not understand what the Indians wanted and would give them something to eat. The

Indians always thought that was a great treat and would have lots to say about what good things the palefaces had to eat and they wanted to go often, but the old chief was a pretty wise old guy and he told them it would not do to overdo anything, as it would become disgusting to the white brothers after a time and they would not want to see them come around at all.

This was a new feature in the old chief. It seemed that he was getting aroused to the idea that the white people wanted to treat his people nice, but he was afraid his people were going to overdo things, and it might cause a terrible combustion, and he thought he would curtail things before it went too far. He told his people not to go so often to the paleface houses to beg things as the paleface people would get very tired of so much of their begging of them; so they quit going so much to the white people's houses to beg and things went along very smoothly and the white people got so they would buy a pony now and then and give them corn or wheat or something in the way of bedding blankets or comforts and the Indians thought those blankets and comforts were so nice. The squaws would wear the blankets and comforts around them when they would go out. They thought they were dressed up very nice when they had one of those blankets wrapped around them.

They would look at them and examine them very carefully to see how they were made and talk about how pretty they were and wondered how the pale-faces made them.

They said they could not make such nice things like the palefaces did, and they asked Pat how they made such nice things. Pat tried to explain to them all about it, but they could not understand much about it as they had always been used to skin wearing apparel with the hair on most of the time, especially in the winter, but in the summer season they wore buckskin with the hair taken off. It was very peculiar to see all of them wearing buck skin garments. They would get them very dirty before they would wear them out and after a long time the younger set got so they would not wear their buck skin garments after they got too dirty. They would make new ones and the older ones got more particular about their dresses. The little shavers would get their wearing apparel very dirty in a short time and there was no such thing as washing buck skin. It would have to be redressed if they wet it. It seemed that the Indians were bordering on to civilization; they seemed to know that the palefaces lived much better than they did; that they discussed the idea of taking up the same way of living that their brother palefaces were living, but they were so lazy that to



go to work was a hard thing for them to conclude to do. They had been always raised to do nothing else but to roam around and flop down wherever they felt like it and get up and go again when necessity compelled them to. That would, of course, be hunger. They got pretty hungry very often, so much so that they would eat most anything that they could get. They were so lazy that they would rather go hungry than go out to hunt for some game.

About this time they got in a big notion of going out and see if they could not find a train of movers or a train of freighters to capture a lot of something good to eat. They talked pretty strong of going and Pat got on to their ideas and told the old chief to put the veto on such a move as it would cause the Great Father to be very angry with them and it would hinder the Great White Father from ever taking them into his family and enable them to live like His white children did. So the old chief put a veto on such an expedition and it all blowed over and they went out on a hunting expedition and were fairly successful in getting a pretty fair lot of game, but they would still go to the white settlers to get some things. It was so much easier to go to the white settlers and get stuff already to eat, than to go hunting for it. Of course the white settlers would give them stuff rather than to have their enmity; in fact the white settlers

were afraid to deny them as they believed the Indians would do them some harm which would be worse than giving them a small amount.

When the Indians would return with their luggage that they had begged of the paleface settlers they would all get around it and look at it and chatter over it to beat the band. At one time they got a lot of salty bacon and of course they did not know how to cook it, only their old way of broiling it on the coals and they were not used to salted stuff and they made an awful face when they began to eat it.

"Heap no good," they would say. They asked Pat if he liked it and he said he did. He thought it was "heap fine." They wanted to know what the palefaces did to make it taste so funny, and they did not like the fat and greasy substance, but they thought the light bread was just fine. They talked a great deal about the bread and wondered how the palefaces made it. They were wondering if they could not make some like it. Pat told them that it took flour and yeast to make stuff like that and that they had to have a stove to cook it in, or a big iron oven with a cover on it. They did not know, of course, what that was and could not conceive the idea of what it meant. Little Chig Wing thought that the bread was just fine and she asked me if I liked it. I told her that I did; that I used to eat it at home and that

mother used to make bread like that all the time. She thought it was great stuff. They all ate it like it was the finest of smearcase.

Little Chig Wing said to me that if she could get that kind of stuff to eat all the time she would enjoy it so much. She asked her mother if she could not make "stuff" like that. She called it "stuff" as she did not know what else to call it. It was real funny to hear her talk about that good stuff. Little Chig Wing and I got quite a bit of it and we did not have it spread with butter, sugar or honey to get us to eat it either. Little Chig Wing wanted them to go back and get some more when that was all gone. She told them to get lots of it too. The Indians got some crackers one time when they were on a begging expedition and the Indians thought they were fine too. They talked lots about what funny things the palefaces had to eat. They all wished they had so many good things to eat like the palefaces had. They never got tired of talking about what the palefaces had to eat. They said they would like to live with the palefaces to get so many good things to eat.

## CHAPTER XII

Finally some of the Indians were like some of the white people. When the palefaces got tired of their begging so much and sent them off, they would go and steal something. Finally the palefaces caught two of them and turned them over to the sheriff.

The sheriff took them to the jail and kept them there about a week and then turned them loose to go back to the tribe. They made all kinds of motions, so those Indians said when they came back, but they could not understand what they meant. The Indians that the sheriff put into the jail said they put them into a skookum house so they could not get out, but they gave them lots of good things to eat. They would have thought very plain grub was very fine, compared with their own kind. They said the skookum house had very funny places in it to look out. They said it was like they would take their hands and cross their fingers and leave squares between their fingers to represent the windows in the skookum house. But

they did not want any more skookum house in theirs. They said they had to lay down on the hard board floor. They did not furnish them with buffalo robes and bear skins to sleep on like they were used to in their home camps. It put a quietus on the Indian stealing. They did not want to be put in the skookum house any more. The Indians that were put there would talk lots about it and said they could not get out at all until a great big paleface opened a door and let them out. They could not figure out how he could just come and open the door and they could not open it themselves. That was the biggest mystery to them, as they were not aware of the lock and key to the door. The Indians stayed pretty close in camp for a long time. They were afraid to go about the palefaces for fear they would be put into that skookum house. The house had alarmed the ones who were in it once so they were very much afraid of it. They did not want any more skookum houses in theirs.

I wondered lots of times if ever they dreamt about the skookum houses. Some of the other Indians would guy them about being put in the skookum house and they did not like it very well; I know by the way they acted. They told those that guyed them that they wished they would catch them and put them in the house and keep them there as long as they had been in and it would not be so funny to them. They had

big times over the skookum house. I don't believe the Indians who were put in the house ever went on a stealing tour any more. I think they got enough of it the first time. The Indians got dissatisfied in some way after that and began to talk of moving away farther north. They talked lots of the palefaces putting them into the skookum house and they were afraid they might put them all in, so they finally got everything ready and tore up camp and moved away northwest of where they were at this time and they picked a very much nicer place to build their village on.

There was a very nice stream of water running right close to where they put up their tepees and wigwams. They went to work to put everything in good shape and it seemed that game was more plentiful there. They were highly elated over the prospects of game. There were plenty of deer, elk and quite a few bear and buffalo. Lots of wild horses, or rather ponies, some of the prettiest spotted ones I ever saw, were also in the neighborhood. The Indians lariatied five or six of them after they had chased them until they could not run any more, but they were so wild they could hardly do a thing with them.

They had a big time breaking them to ride. One of them bucked off one of the Indians and nearly killed him and he would not get on that pony any more. I told Pat one day he ought to try his skill



at riding one of those bucking wild horses, and Pat looked straight at me and said, "Um, um," and I nearly split my sides, I was so tickled at the way Pat looked when he made the reply. He knew I would laugh to kill when he said it.

I asked Wild Dog why he did not try one of those nice spotted ponies and he said he did not want to die just yet, and he thought there was a good chance for it if he rode one of the wild things.

Wild Dog and I went down to the stream and caught a lot of the nicest fish. We had a lot of them for supper. My, if we only could of had salt to put on them, they would have been fine eating. But I had got so I could do without it by this time, so I did not miss the salt so much. It was fine sport to go fishing in that little stream. Game seemed to be much more plentiful there. The Indians seemed highly elated that they had moved there. It seemed no trouble to get plenty to eat and they seemed well satisfied. They would go on their usual hunts and bring in plenty of meat and have all that they could use when winter would come on. They would always have a big supply of fine deer, elk and some buffalo and bear meat, to run them the winter, and usually some was left over.

After a while the Indians discovered that there was a renegade den not far from where their camp was

located and they were almost frightened out of their wits. They talked lots about them and were very much afraid of them, as they had all the experience with them that they wanted. One day the renegade bunch run on a few Indians and gave the Indians a hard chase for their lives, but they did not succeed in killing any of the Indians, but they were nearly scared to death. They ran their poor ponies to the point of exhaustion in order to get away from the renegades and talked lots about what hard customers the renegades were. Some of them were for moving away from there on account of those renegades, but they did not move away. However, they stayed clear of the renegades as much as they could. They were certain it was sure death to come in contact with the renegade bunch, and the renegades found out they were afraid of them and tantilized them all the more.

The Indians had good reasons for being afraid of the renegades as they were expert shots and they always shot to kill. They would get an Indian every now and then and that would excite the Indians to a high pitch, but they did not know what to do to avoid it. They got so they were all afraid of the renegades and tried to avoid them all they could. They wanted to know of Pat what made so much difference in the renegades and the other paleface people. Pat told them that they were so bad that the paleface people

would have nothing to do with them, and if they ever caught them they would put them into the skookum house and never let them out any more. The Indians said they wished they would get them if that was the case.

For a long time the Indians and the renegades did not come in contact with each other. The Indians would go some other directions on their hunting expeditions and on their general rambles and the renegades had the Indians pretty well cowed. Some of the Indians wanted to make another move and get away from the renegades. Some of them said the renegades would follow them up, so it was no use to move away, but they would try and kill the whole bunch of them. The other part of the Indians said they were afraid they would all be killed before they could get the renegades killed; so things went a long time in a quiet way and the Indians tried very hard to avoid the renegades as much as they could. They said maybe the rest of the palefaces would get them and put them into the skookum house and they hoped they would so they would not bother them any more.

It now seemed like getting along in the Fall. Of course we did not have any record of the time only by the year. So many snows, was the Indians way of keeping the number of years. But everything indicated it was getting along in the fall and the Indians

began to talk about going on their annual hunting expedition, so bye and bye they got ready and a lot of them went hunting and were gone quite a while and brought in a nice lot of deer and elk meat. Then they laid around for a few days while Pat put the meat into the racks to dry and smoke. Finally they got ready and went out again. On this trip they got nothing but buffalo meat, but they got a fine lot of it and brought it into camp.

Pat, as usual, went to work and soon had it into the rack drying and smoking. The hunters laid around a while and finally they said they had no bear meat yet, so they had a notion to go on a general bear hunt and get some bear meat. It was so much better and did not get so dry and hard like the buffalo, elk and deer did, as it was much more juicy. So they all got ready and went on a bear hunt, and got quite a nice lot of meat. Of course Pat's usual custom was performed when they returned. Then they went to work and fixed up their wigwams and tepees for the winter.

They all helped Wild Horse to fix Pat's wigwam while Pat was busy tending to the drying of the meat. After they got the wigwams all nicely fixed for the winter, there were some of them that got an idea into their heads that they would gather a lot of dry grass and put under their bed to sleep on. Wild Dog was the first one to get this idea into his

head, and then they all did likewise. They thought that was a great improvement over just laying on the ground. I know that I noticed a big difference in the laying on the dry grass and on the hard ground. They talked lots about it and wondered why they had not thought of it long ago. They talked about how much better they slept and I thought they always slept long enough before, but they were sure good sleepers. Winter came on finally and then the dry grass under the beds was fine. It was lots warmer in bed then, than on the naked ground.

One night it came a very hard wind and snow and it was very cold, but we slept very warm on the dry grass beds. After that they always made it a point in the Fall to pick a lot of dry grass and make their beds on it. I guess they never forgot that it paid them big for the trouble it was to pick the grass.

This winter just referred to was a very hard and cold one. It lasted for a long time and we began to think spring was never coming, but after a long siege of snow and cold weather, it finally got to melting the snow away and it showed all kinds of spring weather. Finally the snow was all melted and gone and the birds began to sing and it was not long until the grass began to show a greenish look and that looked good to me after being housed up all winter in an old wigwam.

### CHAPTER XIII

As soon as the branches of the stream began to run, little Chig Wing and I was out wading in the water and putting pieces of bark into it to see it float down. That was great amusement for us. We would always, in every case, get as wet as a drowned rat; then the old chief and Chig Wing's mother would give us a good lecturing about getting so wet.

After a while when the grass was very green and nice, we would go hunting for bird's nests and get a lot of eggs. We thought they were fine, and found nearly all colors. One time we found a large nest on the ground with eggs that were about the size of small hen eggs. We did not know what kind of a bird could lay such large eggs that were perfectly white. We took them home and roasted them and ate them and we like them very well. We often went hunting for some more but we never could find any more like they were.

After a while the wild strawberries began to show a redish cast and then it was not long before they



were ripe and we would go every day to hunt strawberries. We would pin big leaves together to pick some in to take to the chief and Chig Wing's mother. They were always very much pleased to get the strawberries and little Chig Wing and I kept them pretty well picked close to camp. Some times we would get quite a ways from the camp, but the chief and Chig Wing's mother told us not to go as far away as the renegades might get us. That nearly scared us to death as we had never thought about the renegades being so near.

We kept a close look out for them after that, but we never saw any of them, nor did we want to, as we had heard the Indians talk so much about them. We were as afraid of them as we would have been of a bear or some other wild beast.

When the strawberries were all gone, we put in our time around the wigwam and sometimes we would go down and play in the sand. We would get as dirty as pigs, but we did not care for dirt no more than pigs did, I guess. We would roll in the sand just like the pigs would and have our ears full of sand and dirt. We never had any scraps like most of the kids do. We would always give in to one another without scrapping over it. The Indians were very funny in that way. They never quarrelled or had any rumpus among themselves. If they ever had

any disagreement they would take the matter to Pat for settlement and they were always satisfied with Pat's decision. That always ended all their troubles.

About this time the Indians I was with got into a squabble with some other Indian tribe about their hunting on each other's hunting grounds. They were in a pickle about it. The other Indian tribe forbid them hunting on their hunting grounds, and those Indians that I was with contended that they only hunted on their own grounds, so they had it up and down. Finally they commenced to have a little war over it. They had several clashes and the ones that I was with got the best of the war and the other side gave up that they were whipped and all was peace again, but several on both sides were killed and wounded. Some of the Indians that I was with finally died of their wounds. They would berate those other Indians to beat the band and I suppose the other tribe would berate our tribe probably as much as the ones I was with did them. I don't know how they settled the war, but the chiefs went to a certain place to compromise their troubles and no other Indians went, but just the chiefs. So the chiefs settled all differences and the war was over for that time.

Things went along very quietly for a long time. They all layed around camp and got so lazy that it surely hurt them to draw a breath. Finally they

picked up courage to go out on a hunt and was gone quite a while on this trip. They brought in some nice meat. Among the meat was a very large bear—the biggest bear skin I ever saw. It was a dandy, sure, and I told them I wanted that one for my bed. They said “Um, um,” and that renewed my laughing spell. It really tickled me until I thought I never would get over my tickle. Pat came to see what was going on. He asked me what in the world could have tickled me so badly. I tried to tell Pat what it was, but I was so tickled that Pat finally asked the Indians what in the world had tickled me; so they told Pat what had been said, and that was all they knew, and they did not see anything about that to tickle me to death.

Pat just fairly shook the ground in a big hearty laugh and came very near being tickled as badly as I was myself. My sides were sore for a week after that. When the Indians found out what it was that tickled me so, for a long time every once in a while one of them would say to me, “Um, um.” It finally got to be an old thing and I was not so easily tickled any more with the expression.

Everything went along very smoothly for a long time. Chig Wing and I would go out chasing around to see what we could find. On one of our rambles we spied something very peculiar and we gave it chase and it proved to be a skunk. We got too close to it

and we smelt a little more than the skunk did, I think, and we did not know what to do to get rid of the awful smell. We hated to go back to camp with such a terrible stink and we were both nearly sick with such an odor. It seemed bad enough to kill a horse, but we finally came to the conclusion to go back to the camp and take the consequences, so we went to a nice sand bank and rolled around in the sand a while to see if we could get rid of at least some of the awful stink. But we were so completely drenched with the perfume that I do not think that there was anything in the world that could have extinguished the stink. Finally we gave up the idea of rolling in the sand to remove the odor and concluded to go home and face the music. So we started home and talked about it all the way and wondered what they would say to us.

We talked about what we would tell them, so we fixed up what we would tell the chief and Chig Wing's mother. But it so happened that before we got to camp that there arose a breeze and it blew right direct the way we were going and the perfume was so strong on us, that it went ahead of us a long ways and got the Indians so badly excited that they did not notice that it was much worse when we arrived at camp. They were all running here and there trying to find the skunk. They were sure it was somewhere in the camp. They tore all the bedding up and carried

it out of the wigwams and thought sure they would find it stuck in some place letting out its perfume.

Finally little Chig Wing and I went into where the old chief and her mother was, and the old chief ran out of the wigwam and cried out to some of the rest of the Indians to run there quick as "the skunk is in our wigwam." The Indians all ran with clubs to kill the skunk. They all agreed with the chief that there was no doubt but what they had the skunk treed now. They asked the chief where he saw the skunk. The chief showed them where the skunk had ran when he saw it, so they went to tearing everything up in the wigwam to find the skunk. They went very cautious in moving things, and four or five of the Indians would stand with drawn clubs to kill the skunk if he should show himself. The chief was so badly excited over the skunk that I think he was positive that he saw it go under something.

They finally gave up finding the skunk and all agreed that it had disappeared—all but his scent and that was very visible yet and would be for some time. I told Chig Wing not to let on, after I got straightened out, to the Indians, or they might discover it was us, instead of the real skunk. We had an awful time in getting everything straightened out that night. The camp was tore up enough to be on the move, except that the wigwams were not torn down.

## CHAPTER XIV

After a long time the Indians finally got their bedding straightened out and went to bed. After we had gone to bed I guess I got pretty well warmed up and the stink seemed to have taken a new hold. Finally the old chief rolled over and said, "Whist! Whist! That thing has come back sure. I can taste it."

Little Chig Wing and I lay very still and we finally went to sleep as bad as the stink was.

The next morning the chief was up very early. He said that he believed that the thing was in his wigwam some place yet! I thought I would ease him up a little and told him that the thing ran right by me last night and stopped and curled up at me and the chief said he knew then where the stink was coming from. He said when that thing stopped close to you it threw a lot of extract on both Chig Wing and I. "We will have to take your things," he added, "and bury them in the ground to get the stink out of them."

So we changed and went to the creek and washed ourselves and scrubbed with sand and then we smelt



like a second-hand skunk yet. Some of the Indians asked me if I had not turned into one of those stinking things. He said I smelt like one sure.

Next day I went over to Pat's wigwam and as soon as I went in Pat noticed the stink and said, "Um, um," and kind of turned up his nose and laughed. I nearly split my sides laughing at him, but little Chig Wing and I never let the secret get out about the skunk. If the old chief did see it in his wigwam it was because he smelt it so strong that he imagined that he saw it, and no doubt at all, for he showed them where it went and it wasn't within a quarter of a mile of his wigwam. I think the old fellow's eyes were in an eclipse that time sure. The Indians all talked about that being the first time in all their lives that a skunk had ever bothered around their wigwams, and they all hoped it would be the last time.

Little Chig Wing and I would laugh about it and talked of what a good joke it was on them, and we were the whole cause of the excitement. I told Chig Wing that I nearly died to laugh when the old chief told them where it went, and she said she was so tickled herself she would have laughed too, if she had dared. That surely was a funny thing to us for a long time.

Well it was getting along in the fall by this time and the Indians began to think about going on their

annual hunting expedition, so they all got ready and started out to get some buffalo.

They were gone a long time, but when they came in they had a big lot of buffalo meat. When they came back they asked if there had been any more excitement in the skunk line since they had been gone. Little Chig Wing and I just laughed until our sides were very sore. Pat, as usual, had a lot of wood up to dry and smoke the meat, and now had it all up in the racks to cure. They laid around for a time and then got ready to go on another hunt again.

This time they went after deer and elk and got a nice lot of it, and brought it into camp. Pat, as usual, went to work and put it up into the racks and soon had it drying and smoking. Then they went on a bear hunt and got a nice lot of fine bear meat, and several nice bear skins. They made very nice coverings through the winter. The Indians had some way of taking the wild animal smell out of the hides. I don't know what they did to them to get rid of that unpleasant smell, but they got rid of it in some way.

There was no unpleasant smell about the hides after they got through with them. They worked them over in some way so they were just as pliable as a comfort would be and a person could roll up in them like a sheet.

After this last hunt was over with they went to work and shaped up the wigwams for the winter and got them all in fine shape, before it got cold weather. Then the Indians were all happy. They had plenty to eat all winter, and the wigwams were all fixed up so they would be very comfortable, then they layed around and waited for winter to commence.

However, on this occasion the weather stayed nice until very late, it seemed to me. Of course we had no way of telling what time of year it was, but finally it came a very cold rain and then turned very cold and froze pretty hard. After that the weather moderated and it came a very hard snow. Then the tug of war came for the squaws to drag the wood up through the snow to keep their old bucks from freezing to death. Crazy Bear and Wild Dog got so they would help their squaws drag the wood up when the snow was very deep, but Crazy Bear would grunt over it some times at a great rate. It was real funny to hear him grunt. He looked like a big lazy bear anyhow, but Crazy Bear was a first rate Indian. He always paid a great deal of attention to me at all times. He was very sympathetic and had a pretty good heart in him. Little Chig Wing and I would stay in pretty close in the winter time, as it was pretty cold. My, but we always longed for spring to come, so we could chase around outside. We had no way of amusing

ourselves of course, in the dry wigwams, nothing to play with or to read, no pictures to look at, but the same dry old day after day.

I told Chig Wing that we had all kinds of funny pictures to look at when I was home in Virginia and lots of funny things to read about. She did not understand what reading meant. Of course that was a blank to the poor thing. I made A, B, Cs, to show her how the reading matter was made, on a piece of slate rock I had smoothed off, so I could make lots of pictures on it.

One day I made a picture of that skunk that we had such a time over, and she thought that was a great picture. She just laughed at it to beat anything. I made several other kinds of pictures which pleased her greatly. We passed the long winter days off in such ways as we could. We would go over to Pat's wigwam very often to see his little fellows that would always run to meet us and Waunagie would always greet us with a pleasant smile to show us we were very welcome. She was always very nice to us and seemed to try in every way to make it very pleasant for us.

We would not be there very long until the oldest one would say to us, "Let's play hide." So we would play hide and seek for a long time. It tickled Wau-

nagie to see them hunt us and when they would find us they would be tickled nearly to death. They would just laugh at a great rate. We had some big times with Pat's little fellows. Pat always seemed to enjoy to have us come often.

The winter went along very slowly and Chig Wing and I talked about spring never coming, but after a long time snow began to melt a little and our hearts leaped with joy as we knew that spring would soon be here again and we could ramble over the hills and plains and have a fine time. It gradually began to get warmer and the snow began to melt very fast.

Finally it was all gone and the birds began to sing and everything seemed lovely and it began to look like living again. We could then go out and chase around all day over the hills and plains. In a short time the grass began to take on a green hue, and then we were happy as larks in the garden. We soon went strolling out in the hills to see what we could see and we discovered that the birds had begun to build their nests and everything seemed so lovely we would chase around all day. At night we would be so tired we would sleep like logs and in the morning we would be ready for another day to chase around in the woods. We put in all of our time hunting through the woods to see what we could find. One day we ran into a little spotted pony that had just found a little spotted

colt, and it was not able to get up yet. We were tickled to death at this little colt trying to get up and could not make it. We went back to camp and told our story about the colt and how nice it was and the Indians were all crazy to go and get it. So we went back with them and they gave chase to the mother of the colt and finally caught her. She was very weak and thin and they took the little colt and its mama into camp. The little colt was a great thing. We petted it lots and it straightened out and got on fine, but its mother was very foolish and never seemed to like to be petted, but was always very wild. The colt was very gentle and was the prettiest thing. The spots on it were so bright and pretty.

We always claimed the little colt and Chig Wing said that when it got big she was going to ride it and I could ride my own horse. I agreed that we would have a fine time riding out on horse back. Chig Wing thought there was nothing like the little spotted colt. It grew very fast and soon was nearly as big as its mother. Its mother was always very wild and very foolish acting, but she was a wild animal and never was in captivity until the Indians caught her with a lariat. They broke her to ride but she was a regular bucking proposition and would always run like a deer until she was worn out. She was very pretty though and the spots on her were so bright and nice. The



little colt looked just like her and it would run and play very nicely. We played with it so much that it was gentle and we could rub it and pet it as much as we wanted to. It got so that whenever we would go close to where it was it would come up to us as if it wanted to be petted. We put in lots of time with the little fellow.

After it got to be two years old the Indians put some of the Indian boys on it and it was soon broke to ride. Then Chig Wing began to get on it and ride, with some of the Indians leading it. They finally got it so that Chig Wing could ride it alone, without anyone leading it, and she and I went out riding often. The old chief and her mother looked after us as far as they could see us. I know they enjoyed seeing us go out riding as they would always come to meet us when we would return from our ride. They would pet the pony and talk to it just like it could understand them. They both seemed to think as much of the pony as little Chig Wing and I did.

Chig Wing and I talked about the little Pony a good deal and often spoke about the time we found it. We would often refer to the time we got such a good joke on the rest of them with the skunk, and I told Chig Wing that it was just too funny when the old chief ran out of the wigwam and called to the rest to come right quick that the skunk was in their wig-

wam, and after they came with clubs to kill the skunk they could not find it. He had smelt it so strong that he actually believed that he had seen it sure, and showed them where it went, when all the time the skunk had not been within a quarter of a mile of the wigwam as we well knew. But I think it cheered the old chief up considerable when the other Indians told him he sure had the skunk treed in his wigwam, when it was little Chig Wing and me that was the skunk. The more we talked about it the funnier it got to us. The skunk deal was just too funny and was worth a thousand times to us what the pony was. We never forgot the ordeal and never revealed the secret to any of the Indians.. We often talked about it and wondered why they did not catch on, but I told little Chig Wing that they were all too excited to have caught on to anything, and that I did not believe that an alligator coming into camp would have caused any more excitement than the skunk stink. I told Chig Wing that when the old chief showed the other Indians where the skunk went, I came very near laughing right out, because I knew that he had not seen the skunk at all. But I could not say so much about him smelling the skunk, and I don't doubt but that he nearly tasted it, for the perfume was so strong in the wigwam, that it seemed almost that it could have been cut into chunks, even with a dull knife.

We often wondered what the result would have been if they had caught on to the real facts of the case. But there was no danger of that. They were all too crazy excited to use any reason. I told Chig Wing that I wished that she could go back to Virginia, where I was born, and we could have a nice time with the boys and girls that I used to play with before I left there. She asked me if they were like me, and I told her yes, that they were like me in every way. I asked her why she asked if they were like me, and she said they were a dandy bunch if they could think of as many things as I could to have a little fun.

She said she would like awfully well to go back there with me and see every thing as she knew nothing of the palefaces' way of living. I told her that they had big boats run by steam and cars run by steam and it was awfully nice to ride on them, that they had nice cushion seats to set on. She wanted to know how fast they could run; if they could run as fast as a horse, and how many legs they had. I told her that they did not have any legs, that the boats ran on the river, a big body of water, just like the pieces of bark that we put into the little branches and that ran with the current, but that they had big round wheels with a wind of a paddle on them that pushed the boat along in the water, and the cars had

a track to run on and could run faster than any horse. She thought that would beat anything she ever heard of. She said she would like to see some of those things. She talked a good deal about them and I told her I would make her a picture of them sometime on a piece of rock that I had smoothed off like a slate. She never got through asking me questions about the boat and the cars. I always had great patience with her and I always answered all of her questions and took great pains to explain everything so she could understand it. When we got back to camp she told her mother what I had told her and the old mother had a thousand and one questions to ask about those great things.

I was tired when her mother got through asking questions about the boat and cars. Then Chig Wing wanted me to make a picture of the boat and cars so I went to work and made a picture of the cars and one of the big boats and they were more than delighted. They could not quit looking at the pictures. I told them that people rode in them when they were going a long ways and in a hurry. I told them that the cars could run a week without stopping only for a few minutes at a time, and that they never got tired. That they were run by steam and of course they did not know the meaning of steam. When the

rest of the tribe heard about those great things it excited them more than the drawings of the turkey, zebra and buffalo in the mud.

They seemed to be terribly excited over those pictures and asked ten thousand questions about those new things. They would look at me just like they had never seen me before, in a deep study. I think they just began to wonder what would come next from me. They had been so badly surprised before that they hardly knew themselves, and this great new feature was baffling them more. They all looked at those pictures until they nearly wore them out handling the piece of slate rock they were drawn on. I think they wondered about those things, until they wore their wondering facilities out or nearly so.

Little Chig Wing and I got tired of the ordeal and went out horseback riding again, and were gone nearly all day. When we came back the Indians had killed some nice birds and had them roasted for us, and we were good and hungry and they were fine eating. The chief and Chig Wing's mother told us we must not go too far away from the camp, for the renegades might get us, and then they would not have us any more to keep them company. We were a little bit shy for a time about going so far off, but it soon got old and we would go a long distance on some days.

Once in a while Wild Dog would want me to go with him on a chase somewhere and I would always go with him. He was a bully old Indian and had always taken a great interest in me. I liked Wild Dog very much. Wild Dog and I were out one day and we ran into a couple of little deers. They were very young ones and could not run like the older ones. I asked Wild Dog to catch one of them for me so I could make a pet of it. He said it would take something faster than we had to outrun them and I was satisfied. He told the truth for they could run like the wind. They were nice looking little fellows, all spotted. I asked him what made them spotted, and he said all deer were like that when they were young.

Wild Dog and I finally went back to camp and told little Chig Wing about the little deer we had seen. She said she wished she had been with me that day as she would liked to have seen them. She asked me if I would not go with her some day and see if we could not see a little deer. I told her it was a long ways and we might go a dozen times and never run into them. But she begged me so hard that I told her that we would go some day and see if we could not find them. So we started one day very early and rode until we were worn out trying to find those little deers, but we never saw them.



## CHAPTER XV

I felt sorry for little Chig Wing; she wanted to see them so bad. She asked me all about the little deer; if they were pretty, and I told her they were awfully nice and she said she would almost give her pony to see them. I told her maybe we would run across some when we were chasing around sometime. She said, "Wouldn't it be nice if we would run into some on one of our rambles in the woods." But we never did, and we went lots of different ways on our rides.

I told her it would do me more good than anything else to get into another skunk predicament, than anything else I could think of now. I told her that was the funniest thing that had ever happened, the way it turned out. She said it must of been funny to me.

"Yes," I told her, "it was so funny about the chief showing them where the skunk had gone, when he had never seen it, but he had to say something after he had told them to run; that there was a skunk in

his wigwam, and they all agreed with him that he had the skunk treed sure, when all they smelt was us."

She laughed very hard and said she never had looked at it in that light until I had told her. She wanted to know how I had figured all those things out so nicely. I told her there was no figuring about it—it was just as things had happened, to be so funny. She said it was a good joke on them. I told her a joke was putting it very mild.

Little Chig Wing and I had some big times together. She had got my ways more and more all the time. We went up to see Pat and Waunagie the next day and they, as usual, were very glad to see us, and the two little boys were more than glad to see us. It had been a long time since we were there. They ran and skipped about like crickets. We stayed all day with them and they went a piece with us and wanted us to come back again and not stay away so long anymore. They said they thought that we were never coming back anymore; it had been so long since we were there.

The little fellows had right curly hair, which made them look very cute. Waunagie took a great pride in her children. She took more pains with them than the rest of the Indians did with their young.

Little Chig Wing and I went back to the wigwam and monkeyed around and I got the slate rock out

and made her some A, B, C, letters and explained to her what they were and told her we learned to make them at school. She did not understand what school was and I had to explain to her what it was.

She said she would like to go to such a place and learn to make things like I could.

About this time the renegades were getting pretty bad again and the Indians were getting pretty badly worked up about them. The renegades got so they would hunt for the Indians, and if they ever caught an Indian out it was good-bye Indian, for they were sure shots and they also desired to rid the country of the Indians. Whenever they got into a skirmish with the Indians they always got the best of them. It seemed like the Indians could not kill any of the renegades, but the renegades would always get quite a number of the Indians. They skirmished along for a time and finally the Indians said it was no use to try to do anything with the renegades for they would kill the whole tribe yet if they monkeyed with them much more. So they stayed away from the renegades entirely and tried to forget the renegades altogether.

About this time Wild Dog went out riding pretty often and one day he asked me if I did not want to go with him. He said maybe he would see some more little deer, so I told him I would like to go the best kind. We started very early in the morning,

and, of course, we had a long day before us and went much farther than we had ever gone before. Accidentally we ran onto about 20 of those renegades. Of course they could see that I was a white boy and they gave us a chase. My horse could outrun Wild Dog's, but they finally killed Wild Dog and soon caught me and took me prisoner, much to my sorrow, as I considered this worse than being captured by the Indians, and will be explained in after pages.

They took me to their dismal den and there I was captive for quite a while. One of them always stayed at the den with me while the rest of them went out and stole horses. They were the limit of anything I ever met up with, and I had to do all the chores and washing, carrying water, running after their horses, saddling them up and unsaddling them. When they came back they often brought me little things that they thought would please me, but I was so thoroughly disgusted with them tthat nothing looked good to me.

After the meal would be over they would call on me to fill their pipes, light them, carry them a drink of water and all such things. They had a lot of horses on hand. They would go to the nearest settlement and steal the best horses they could find and take them to some other new settlement in a remote part of the country where there were new comers wanting to buy horses and there they would get cash for them..

They kept my horse and got so they would let me go out with them a little to round the horses up, and after a long time, I got to go after the mail. One of them went with me once or twice so that I would know the road pretty well, then I got so they trusted me to go alone, and it was a long ways. Of course I did not know anything about the number of miles it was, but it took me from daylight until way after dark to make the trip and my horse was an extra good traveler. I am satisfied that we went not less than thirty-five miles. That would make a seventy mile trip in a day and we just went on a hustle all the time and did not tarry at the post office long either.

In the summer season it was not so bad, but when winter came on it was a fright. The first winter I did not have to go only once in a while. After a time they got so they treated me very well. They did not try to make such a slave of me, but their natural makeup did not strike me very favorable. They were very rough spoken, told all kinds of hard yarns of what they had done and what they expected to do. I got awfully tired of their conversation. Nearly every word was an oath. The only thing about them that was good was that they lived right up to the top of everything money could buy in the way of eats.

We did have good food, but after that was said, I would much rather have been back with the Indians.

But poor Wild Dog was dead—my best protector and the best friend I had among the Indians. Little Chig Wing was a great friend of mine and I often wondered what she would say and think when I never came back. Wild Dog never went back either. I imagined they took many a hunt for us and possibly might have found Wild Dog's dead body. That would have partly explained matters. The Indians would naturally suspect that we had come in contact with some white men and that they had killed Wild Dog and took me with them, but if they never found Wild Dog's body I can have no idea of what conclusion they came to in regard to whatever became of us. I often wondered what little Chig Wing thinks about me. She was always with me chasing around and I wondered if she drowned herself as she said she would if I had been frozen to death the time I was lost in the snow storm.

Of course I often think of the merry chases we had and when we would return her mother would pat us so nicely. She seemed to be an entirely different creature to most of the Indian squaws. The majority of them were cold and careless towards their children, but Chig Wing's mother always had a warm reception for us when we would come in.



## CHAPTER XVI

Those renegades, or horse thieves, were a hard set of customers, but I never seen one of them drunk all the time I was with them. They had plenty of whiskey all the time, but they took very sparingly of it and never allowed themselves to become intoxicated. I was very much surprised at them taking such a stand as that as they were very rough and did not seem to care for anything. That showed good reasoning or training.

Bye and bye they went out on a raid of horse stealing and were gone two or three weeks. They got into a jack-pot somewhere and three of them got killed. That put quite a quietus on the rest of them and they stayed close to camp for a long time. It seemed to cut them pretty strong. As well as I could understand the ones who got killed were the head ones of the band and the most brainy of the bunch. Of course when the head of any kind of an organization gets killed or dies, it always puts a damper on

the rest. In this case it sure took the vim out of the rest. They did not seem to know what to do or how to act. They roamed around for a long time and seemed dazed. They were lots better to me than usual.

About this time I was thinking about trying to make an escape from them, as I had got very tired of such a life. I did not know what to do—whether to try and make my way back to the Indians or try to go to the people of my own kind. Of course I studied the matter over in many ways. I had but little idea of the ways of my own people, being so small when I was taken away, but of course it was my nature to want to be with my own people again, as I had, by this time, got to be quite a good sized lad.

So I concluded to make a break when the weather got warm and nice, so I would not freeze if I was compelled to lay out nights. So when the weather got nice and warm I planned to make my escape by keeping right on the next time they sent me after the mail and never returning.

So one nice morning I got ready to start, and as they were out of smoking tobacco they gave me some money to get some. I thought if they could only read my mind, they would not let me go after the mail this time. But they did not know my plans so I started in great glee after the mail, as I thought, never to return.

But alas! I did return to my sorrow. I went through the little berg—I don't remember the name of it, and hustled on as fast as my horse could stand to travel, until night overtook me. I came to a very respectable house on a ranch, and I asked the man of the place if I could stay all night with him. He said in a nice, pleasant tone, "You certainly can, my little man."

Now came the tug of war to explain who I was and where I was going and where I came from. A thousand and one questions was the order of the day and as I had not studied anything to tell, and being a green kid, I told the straight story of my ups and downs.

My night's rest was very uncomfortable. The man of the house was a very resolute looking man and he had suspicions of me at the first sight, and after questioning me somewhat, concluded I was not just right in some ways. I am quite sure that he went out to some of his neighbors and told them that he took me to be a little horse thief, and I found out that it was death for anything of that kind. They talked in low tones all night. I could not understand anything that was said with the exception of hearing one of them say, "We will make the little fellow talk up in the morning."

Honest, this was another jolt for me. I discovered that I was going to be captured again and that this would be the third time. I thought to myself, "What in the world is coming next?"

So after hours of turmoil it got daylight and a very husky voice came in to ask me if I was not ready to get up. I said, "Yes, I am, as I have not been able to sleep at all."

"Very well, you will probably be able to sleep better bye and bye."

After their all night talk and his general manner, I did not know what was coming. Next I got up and dressed. When I went out they had breakfast ready, and it was the first meal that I had eaten at a regular table for several years. Of course I did not relish it like I would if I had not been scared to death as I did not know what they were going to do with me.. After the breakfast was over they took me out in the yard and began questioning me, until I did not know myself.

Some of them got very badly excited after I had told them a straight forward story. Of course I did not know anything else to tell them. They wanted to know where I was making for and I told them I had no plans in view, only to get away from those renegades and horsethieves.

This speech seemed to put a different look on most of their faces, except the one surly looking fellow, who said in a loud, harsh tone, "He has got his little piece down pretty pat."

Another one of the crowd spoke up at this stage of the matter and said he believed the little man was all right, and he should not be abused until they knew all about the affair. He asked me if I was willing to go back with them and show them wheere the camp of the renegades and horsethieves could be found. I told them that they would kill all of us before we could turn around, as they were extra good shots and never missed at what they aimed.

The same gruff party spoke up and said, "I told you he had his speech down pretty pat. He is trying to screen his pals. You can see without going any farther what he needs and ought to have."

The party who had spoken before in my favor spoke up to this husky fellow and told him he had said enough and just to hold his own and say no more, so they all talked the matter over and finally asked me if I was willing to go with them close enough to show them the exact location of the place where the renegades stayed. I told them I would if they would leave me behind with someone to protect me. They all said in unity, "You bet we will, little man," and slapped me on the back.

So they went to work and gathered up one hundred men and all had good horses and good guns, and on the next morning they started for the renegades' den with me in the lead. They camped for the night within about four or five miles of the renegades' den and took an early start the next morning.

When we got within about a mile of the den, I told them that it was not over a mile and I did not want to go any farther.

"All right, my little lad," said the fellow who had been on my side all the time." So I asked them if they took the renegades prisoners to send a party to tell us so we could go on back for they would kill me on sight for giving them away. They said, "Never mind, little man, you will not be hurt," and away they went.

I had given them instructions how to proceed, so as not to excite the renegades until they had them cornered. They surely took them by surprise. They were unaware of those parties coming up until they were all surrounded and surrendered without a gun shot. They made them saddle up their horses and jailed the whole bunch and I want to tell you that there was nothing too good for me after that. The party who had been so hard on me, came to me and acknowledged that he had made an ass of himself and begged my pardon. He claimed he had learned



a great lesson of a poor little orphan boy and he was actually ashamed of himself and always tried to make amends for his ugliness at that time. I stayed around there for quite a while and was very well treated by all the people.

I never knew what became of the renegades that went to jail, but I always supposed from the general run of things that some of them "looked up a tree," as they called it in that country.

I finally got dissatisfied at that place and drifted around from one place to another. I got disgusted with the people to whom I told my story. They were always some smart alec among them to make sport of the "Indian boy," as they called me, and I finally came to the conclusion to reveal my identity as a prisoner of the Indians, so I did not say anything about it when I made my next move.

But you will want to know how I explained to the people where I came from. I claimed to have ran away from home to make my own way in the world and I never expected to tell a true story again. But now I think it a good idea to write a book on my life and let the world know what some of its people in the early days of the States had to contend with.

After reading it through the people will only have a small idea of the trials and tribulations that the people had to go through with. I used to think I

would try and find my people and then I did not know where to start in with, and I came to the conclusion that it was too big a job and of course I never had an education and my thinking qualities had never developed very much.

But from that time on I never divulged my secret. No one with whom I came in contact with were ever the wiser of my pitiful condition. Of course my time was spent in roaming around from one place to another, working here and there by the day at small wages, with no one to guide me and no one to take any interest in me or my welfare.

He was a noble fellow and his wife was a good, grand lady, in every sense of the word. He was next to a father to me and his dear wife was surely a dear mother to me. She was never too tired to see that I was fixed just right for the night, so I could rest well. In the winter time she would come into my room and fix the covers around me very snugly before she went to bed, then she would pat me on the head, just as if I had been her own boy. My, but she was a lovable woman. She always wanted to know what I wanted to eat. It seemed to please her to find out just what suited my taste.

I used to wonder how she could take so much interest in me,, never to have known me before. But she was so good to me that I tried every way possi-

ble to please her, and he was just like her in every way—just as good to me as if he had been my own father. This was a very nice neighborhood. All the people seemed to be nice and kind and appeared to take a great deal of interest in me and cheer me up on all occasions. I was noticed as one of the neighbor's boys, and everyone had a cheery word for me and patted me on the head and always wanted me to come and see their boys. I often accepted their invitation and was treated royal at all times, and when I would return home Mrs. McKieffy would always run to meet me and say in a jolly way, "Here comes my boy home again. Did you have a good time today?" And then she would tell me how glad she was that I had a good time. It always seemed she was afraid that something would go wrong with me when I was away from her. She could not have thought more of her own son than she did of me.

She questioned me at considerable length, lots of times, to see if she could find out something about my people, but of course, I could not tell her anything about them as it would have opened the way to commence answering a thousand and one questions again. I thought often that I would tell Mrs. McKieffy my troubles, but I had vowed that I would never reveal my secret again, and I studied the matter over and over again. I wanted to tell her but my horror of

what I had gone through before, would always check my notion, of telling her anything about the Indians having me a prisoner and the renegades also. If I had told her all about it, she would have pitied me all the more, but I never told her anything about it. She always tried to fix me up nice when I went to the neighbors and when we went to church. She was surely a dear mother to me. I was with them three or four years and had a nice time all of those years with them.

Up to this time I had never thought of what would exactly become of me, not having an education. I did not know very much about the world. Mrs. McKieffy tried to teach me as much as she could, and I got so I could read and write a little through her teaching. Of course I tried very hard to learn as I was getting old enough to see the need of an education. Mr. and Mrs. McKieffy both took a great deal of pride in me and sent me to school when there was any in session. Most all of the scholars took a great deal of interest in me and would help me out in my studies as much as they could. They would go home with me and stay all night and help me out with my lessons. That was a great help to me, as I had never had any early training, and of course I did not have much of a knack of learning after I had reached the age I was at that time. But it was a great help to me

to have their assistance. I got so I could help Mr. McKieffy quite a good deal in the field and fed the pigs and milked the cows and helped all I could. They were so good to me I could not do too much for them.

After a time Mrs. McKieffy's sister came to pay her a visit and she brought one of her boys and a girl with her. They were so nice—the boy and the girl—and Mrs. McKieffy's sister was just like her. They both were so kind and motherly. She seemed to take a great pride in me too and always had something to say to me to cheer me up. I got so I loved her so much that I hated to see the time come for them to go home. After they were gone Mrs. McKieffy and I would talk about what a nice visit we had from them. I told Mrs. McKieffy that her sister was so much like herself, and she told me they were twin sisters and were always together when they were growing up, and never apart.

When they got home she wrote a long letter. She had a good deal to say about me and how her boy and girl would like to see me. She said they enjoyed themselves so much with me; they wondered if I would ever come to see them. They were dandy children sure, and I loved them both very much. They got so they could write and they wrote me a letter every time Mrs. McKieffy's sister would write her, telling me what a good time they had with me at Mr. McKieffy's.

## CHAPTER XVII

In return I would write them and tell them how much I enjoyed their visit, and that I wanted them to come back again and stay much longer the next time. Mrs. McKieffy told me she was going to pay her sister and family a visit next year, and that I could go with her and we would stay a long month and I could have a nice time with her sister's young folks. I thought that would be a grand opportunity to learn something of the ways of the world, which I had never known much about. So things went along very smoothly and bye and bye winter came on and I went to school and enjoyed myself very well. I learned a little, but it seemed that I could not get along with my studies like most of the scholars did. The teacher would take me to task about not learning faster sometimes, but I could not explain to her why I could not. I was glad when school was out and I had to stay at home and help Mr. McKieffy.

Long after harvest Mrs. McKieffy began to get ready to go and visit her sister. She was always in



great glee fixing things up and getting ready to go. She fixed me up awfully nice. Got me a nice new suit and other things until I looked as nice as any of the boys in the neighborhood. The time came for us to start and Mr. McKieffy took us to the train.

When the train came that took us away, Mr. McKieffy bid us good bye and told Mrs. McKieffy to be sure and bring his little man back to him. He patted me on the back in a very loving way,, which showed very plainly that he loved me as much as he could and probably as much as if I had been his own boy. I had always been good to him and ran and done the chores for him, to save him from having to do all of it when he was tired. I felt towards him as if he had been my own father.

Well the train pulled out and we looked back at him and waved our handkerchiefs as we sped along. We had a nice journey and everything went well. When we arrived at the station where we got off Mr. and Mrs. Bomgart, (that was Mrs. McKieffy's sister and her husband), met us and took us home in a nice surrey. They seemed so glad to see us and Mr. Bomgart told me that his boy and girl were planning on having a big time with me. He said that they had never got through talking about me since they came home, and they were almost crazy when the letter came stating that I was coming with Mrs.

McKieffy. He said they would be wild with delight when we got in sight of the house.

The weather was fine; just a nice cool breeze and it had rained a few days before, so of course there was no dust to bother or annoy us as we sped along. We were soon in sight of the house and when we drove up to the gate, Tommy and Mamie were there to open it and when I got out of the surrey they both just danced around me and seemed to be tickled to death.

I could not help noticing Mrs. McKieffy and Mrs. Bomgart looking at the performance of the kids. From that time until night they had a thousand and one things to show me and tell me about. They were so overjoyed they could not talk half fast enough, and they tried in every way to make it pleasant for me. Of course I was at an age now to take notice of every move and turn that came up.

Mr. and Mrs. Bomgart tried in every way to make it very pleasant for us and they took extra pains to make me enjoy myself as best I could. I have often wondered since why they took so much interest in me, but I think it was their good nature to want to make everybody around them have a good time and enjoy themselves. Tommy, Mamie and I ran the fields over after the pigs, calves and colts. We had a general good time and were generally tired out at night so that we slept like logs and were always glad

to go to bed.. We stayed there three or four weeks and had just the nicest visit. It seemed only a week.

Tommy and Mamie said we had not stayed half long enough and wanted Mrs. McKieffy to stay lots longer. But she said Mr. McKieffy was alone and very lonesome and we would have to go home to him. So we began to get things shaped up to go home and when the time came to start, Mamie and Tommy had to go with us to the train. When the train came they said it would be a long time before we would get back again. My, but they hated to see us go, they said.

I am quite sure they did, for the tears ran down both of their cheeks long before we started, just like their hearts would break. Mrs. McKieffy and I both stuck our heads out of the car windows and waved our handkerchiefs at them until the train had passed out of sight. They also kept their handkerchiefs in motion as long as we could possibly see them.

Mrs. McKieffy asked me, on the road home, if I had enjoyed my visit very well. I told her that I certainly had enjoyed every minute of it. She told me that Mr. Bomgart thought I was an exceptional boy and wished that we lived closer together, so we could visit each other more. He told her that Tommy and Mamie were always talking about Jessie. They both thought there was no other boy in the whole world like little Jessie was. When we got home Mr.

McKieffy was at the station to meet us. He was awfully pleased to see us and told me that he knew the pigs would be glad I had got home. I had tended them lots better than he did and he knew they would know the difference as quick as I got home. I always tended the pigs and I gave them the best of care. He said I should have one of the nicest ones in the pen for being so good to them.

He always let me feed my horse anything I wanted too, and I always had him fat and sleek.

I stayed with the McKieffy's a long time and got so I could help Mr. McKieffy in the field quite a lot. I could harrow for him and do all kinds of odd jobs. He told me one day he did not know how he could get along without me. We got along fine together. He was always so good to me, I always did my part to please him and he always remembered me when he went to town to bring something to please me. I think it done him as much good as it did me to see me enjoy what he brought. It done Mr. McKieffy good also, to have Mr. McKieffy bring me something. She would always say when he would start to town, "Now don't forget little Jessie."

## CHAPTER XVIII

He would always say, "You bet I won't," nor did he. I always had everything done that I could do when he came home, and I would run and open the gate for him. That pleased him to think I watched for him and opened the gate so he would not have to stop, get out and open it himself.

Along in the fall I told Mrs. McKieffy that I wished Mrs. Bomgart would come and bring Tommy and Mamie. She asked me if I wanted to see them very bad, and I told her that I wanted to see them very much. Then she said she would write Mrs. Bomgart to bring them down and pay us a visit, that I wanted to see Tommy and Mamie. So they came on a visit and we had a big time.

Mrs. Bomgart said when she got the letter that Tommy and Mamie would not let her rest until she told them she would come. Mr. McKieffy had some little colts and I always petted them lots. They were very gentle, and we played with them very often.

Mamie and Tommy thought they were just fine play things. We romped around all day and at night we were very tired and slept like logs,, but we were up in the morning ready for another day's chase.

They stayed a week and Mrs. Bomgart asked me if I wasn't tired chasing around with Tommy and Mamie. I told her that I never got tired when I was with them.' She said that was just what they always said about me. She said when they were on a visit, after we were gone, she asked them if they were not glad we had gone home, so they could get a rest, but they said they were never tired of playing with me. We sure had big times.

They finally went home and I hated to see them start for I knew it would be a long time before I would see them again.

It was getting now nearly time for school to commence and Mr. McKieffy wanted me to help him with the corn gathering,as much as I could before I started to school. I wanted to help him as much as I could, too. I could shuck one row as fast as he could shuck two rows, so I could help him lots in the corn field.

I finally started to school and it was a long winter and I got very tired of school. I was glad when spring came and school was out, then I could not learn like most of the scholars and I got discouraged and tired of school.



When spring opened up and school let out, Mr. McKieffy had some colts to break. We would hitch them up every day. They were very gentle, no trouble to handle and we soon had them broke to work and worked them in the field that summer.

In the fall Mrs. McKieffy got very sick. I stayed with her nearly all the time and waited on her. She said so many times, that she did not know what she would do if it wasn't for me to wait on her. She got better along towards spring and we thought she would soon be well, but it so happened she took a relapse and sank very fast until death finally relieved her of her suffering.

Mr. McKieffy took it very hard and it nearly broke my heart, for she was so good to me and always wanted to please me in every way she could. It seemed like Mr. McKieffy's heart would break. Poor fellow, he was nearly broke up when he lost her. My, but I was lost without her. She was so good and kind it was just like losing a mother to me. Mr. McKieffy was so badly broken hearted that he was not like the same man and got sick and said that he did not want to get well. Life was no pleasure to him anymore. He grieved for her all the time as long as he lived. He passed away late in the spring. Then

I was all alone again in the world. I did not know what to do. I stayed around the neighborhood for about a year; then took a notion to go some place else; so started out on my horse.

I rode several days and it finally set in to raining and rained **continuously** for several days. I could not go on in the rain, so I layed over at the place I had stopped at last. They were very nice people and after it quit raining they wanted to hire me for a month, so I worked a month for them. During that month they quized me lots; asked me where I had been staying and who I had been at work for. I told them all about Mrs. McKieffy and that I had been with them three or four years; that they both had passed away or I would have been with them yet.

When I had worked a month they wanted me to stay a little longer and work. So I stayed until fall; then I took a notion to go to some other part of the country, so I started on my journey again and I travelled several days. I came to a place and stayed all night, where the man had no help of any kind, and he wanted to know if I did not want to stay with him through the winter. So I thought it would be a good thing to hold up tor the winter, before it got too

cold, so I told him it would suit me alright as I had no place in view.

He said alright and I stayed all winter with him and in the spring he wanted to hire me for the summer. I had no place in view that I wanted to go to, so I hired out to him for all summer. He and his wife were ns nice as they could be, always jollyng each other and me also. We had a good time all summer. I got so I hated to leave them, but he had no work to do any more, so he could not afford to hire me any longer, and by this time I began to realize that I wanted to be making some start in the world, and the only way to do it was to work all the time that I could.

So I went over and tackled his brother and I told I could find in the way of work. I travelled several days and stayed all night with a man who asked me all about where I had been and where I had worked last. In the morning he told me that he had a brother who wanted a man to work the worst kind, and if I would go over and see him he would give me a job all winter.

So I went over and tackled his brother and I told him that his brother had sent me to him; so we soon

made a bargain for the winter. They were just fine people. I got acquainted with a lot of young folks in the neighborhood who asked me to all of their parties and treated me royal. I seemed to be a favorite with most of the young folks and I had a splendid time all winter. I got so mixed up with young folks that I hated to leave them, but this man's son, who was off attending high school, came home and he did not need me anymore. He said he hated to have me leave the country that the young folks would be lost without me, and I had become one of them.

He was an awful nice man and I hated to leave very bad, as I had become attached to some of the young ladies in the neighborhood, but I could get no work there, so I started out on another chase to find a job. I finally landed in Illinois and struck work there and soon got acquainted with a lot of the young folks. They would all ask me to their parties and I soon was at home with them. I had a good time.

They were a good jolly set of young people and treated me royal. In this neighborhood I got acquainted with my wife. I courted her for four years before we were married.

I will have to confess that I got the sweetest, dearest and best little woman in the world—or at least that was my notion about it, and I have never changed my mind on this subject. We got married in 1873 and are both living very happily together yet.

Our children are all grown up and married, excepting one. We had eight children born to us but we only raised five of them—the other three died while very small. The two older ones died with membranous croup—the most horrid death that could possibly be experienced. Both died the same week. This was a heart breaking experience to us.

We had the one little baby girl left and she was a perfect little angel—or at least we thought so. She lived two years and on Friday, the same day the others had died, she left us.

After that, all our children lived and are still living. I rented a place and worked very hard and saved my earnings. My wife was an extra good help mate and we began to accumulate right from the start. I worked out most of the time that I did not have to put in at home. I soon had about \$1400 out on interest, and then I began to think about buying a little home, and I finally bought a 52½ acre tract of land that we made our home for five years. I got that paid for and got some money ahead and tried to buy

some more land, but could not get any adjoining our little home, so I finally sold it and went to Iowa and bought a 160 acre farm there and made money very fast.

I got to be pretty well off but I worked very hard. I was very ambitious and handled lots of stock and broke down, so I finally concluded to rent my farm out and make a sale and sell off my stock, then go to town and try something there.

So I had a sale and sold out everything and went to town. My sale was large and brought in about \$8,000 in notes and I had about \$5,000 in the bank at that time. But my going to town was not a success. I went into the grocery, boot and shoe and queensware business and built up a big trade in a short time, but I had no education and there was where I fell down. I ran an awful big credit business which was the undoing of me.

In 1893 I went broke. I only pulled out the pitiful sum of \$1400. I did not know what to do then. I was sure in a dilapidated condition, but I soon made up my mind to rent a farm and try the harder, so I rented a farm. At this time I had one boy large enough to plow and I hired one man and we went to work. Of course my former experience helped me a lot. I bought some hogs and a few cattle and soon



had things in running order again. We made a little money the first year and got things in shape to begin to make things go a little old fashioned.

I soon accumulated some money and I finally bought a tract of land and farmed it two years and made big crops, sold lots of hogs and a few cattle and finally sold the place and made two thousand dollars on the sale of my farm.

That put new vim into me. Then I went to South Dakota and rented a whole section of fine farm land. At this time I had three boys of my own old enough to plow and do general farm work. We worked early and late, raised big crops and got fair prices for our grain. I bought a lot of cattle and made good money man. I finally bought a half section of good land. on them and soon was beginning to feel like a new

About this time I took a notion to move to the State of Washington, so I had a sale and sold all my belongings except a half section of land which belonged to my wife, and which we kept as a nest egg, and came to Washington. We rented a farm one year and then bought out a relinquishment and finally commuted on it and went to work and bought land all around the quarter until I now have 720 acres of fine wheat land. I then took a notion to retire and rented my lands and went to Spokane and bought a lot of property and stayed there two years. But my renters

were doing no good for me or my land, so I moved back and took charge of it and am still running it with the aid of hired help. But I am all broken down and can't do very much and am contemplating closing up my affairs on the farm and taking it easy the rest of my days.

I want to do something to help some good cause out, for having had very good luck, or management, whichever it may be termed. With the sale of this book I expect to help the poor out to a considerable extent. I will, of course, look into the matter pretty well before I dish out to them, for I do not want to encourage idleness or hypocrites, so those who buy this book will only be lending a helping hand to a good cause; besides they will get quite an idea of Indian life and of the hardships of a poor prisoner, who was not fitted for Indian life.

With these few remarks I will close, wishing you all many happy days on earth and a final resting place in heaven.

THE END















Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2010

## Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



DORRIS BROS.  
LIBRARY BINDING

ST. AUGUSTINE  
FLA.



32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 024 323 818 3